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The land and its people

November/December 1984 $3

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(continued on next page)

(continued from previous page)

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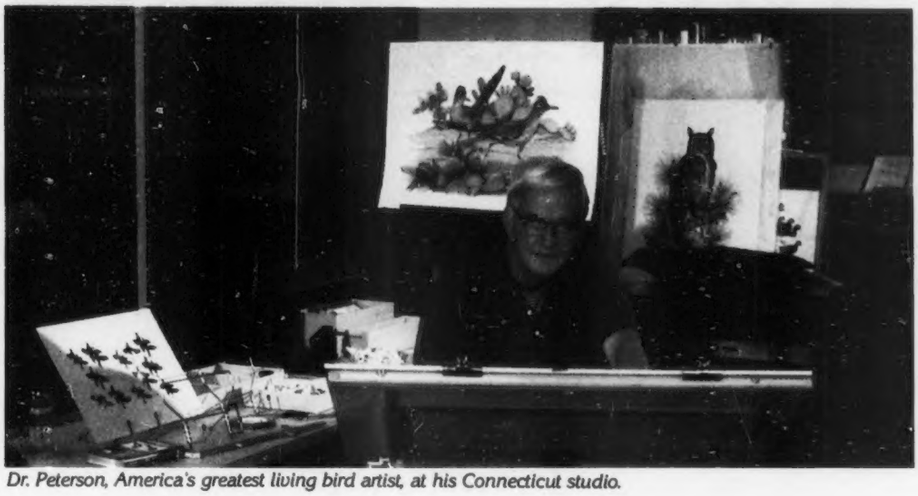
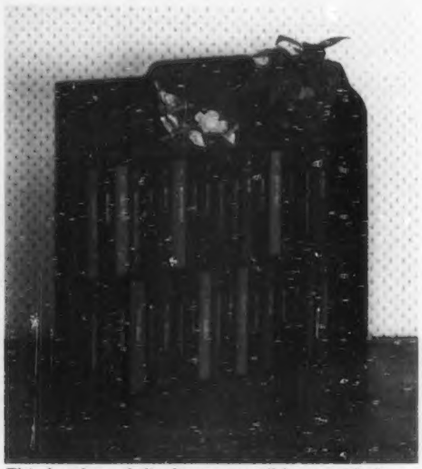


Dr. Peterson, America's greatest living bird artist, at his Connecticut studio.



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November/December 1984
Vol. XXI, No. 6

American West

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PHOTO BY TOM PEW

Cover

Under the red spires of Spider Rock in ancient Canyon de Chelly on the Navajo Reservation in northeastern Arizona, leaders of America's energy industry and important figures in the Navajo Nation recently met to discuss their mutual concern regarding development of Indian lands. Sponsored jointly by Robert Redford's Institute for Resource Management and by the Navajo Nation, the symposium provided an opportunity for understanding, rather than confrontation. On our cover, Redford talks with Annie Wauneka, Special Assistant to the Chairman of the Navajo Nation and a delegate to the recent Republican National Convention, and with Leonard Haskie, member of the Navajo Council. Our editor/publisher Tom Pew beguiles us with a narrative explaining some of the Indian mythology involved in the Navajo point of view and suggests the outcome of the symposium.

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View from the West

COURTESY DOUG PEACOCK

As I sit here before my typewriter in the Saturday-morning-quiet offices of AMERICAN WEST, blank page rolled neatly into the carriage, traffic humming by outside, green mountains in the distance (more rain fell in the high desert this summer than in any of the previous twenty summers), I glance up longingly at the photograph just above these words. The picture is of Doug Peacock's fire-lookout table high above point X "near Glacier National Park." I'm restricted to calling it point "X" because Doug admonished his AMERICAN WEST editors with a letter written from point X this summer in these words:

> The only thing I am adamant about in this AMERICAN WEST Grizzly Bear article is that the name of the place doesn't get mentioned. "Near Glacier Park" is as much as I'll compromise, and I don't feel exactly comfortable with that. The last thing bears and wild places need are jerks drawing road maps.

But we don't even need to know where Doug's secret bear-watch is to look longingly at the view he had—complete with bottle of Château Leoville Poyferré in the foreground—when he wrote what we consider one of the finest articles we've ever published in AMERICAN WEST. And, writers' egos being what they are, those words don't come lightly.

In fact Doug's whole persona—writer, Vietnam vet, modern-day mountain man, father, and born-again-as-a-white-man Grizzly Bear—is pretty hard to match. But it's the writer in him that we're going to look at here because this is the first time Doug has published his Grizzly Bear experiences.

I first met Doug through a mutual friend. We spent an evening together at Doug's Tucson winter quarters, cold beer in hand, Doug behind a reluctant movie projector, his and Lisa's baby entertaining herself on the floor with a stuffed toy bear, and some jaw-dropping footage of Grizzly Bears flickering on the wall. Even in Doug's living room the film inspired a mild case of what Doug calls the "Griz experience": a combination of mind-bending fear and dumb awe that has deep roots in every man's deepest Cro-Magnon, cave-collected, gene-stored memories.

Nothing—or so I at first mistakenly believed—could match those moving photographic images for revealing, at a distance, the "Griz experience." After the film, the baby put to bed, the other guests gone home for their own private nightmares, Doug and I got to talking. After a couple more beers, I gradually came to realize that he had also been putting his post-Vietnam, Glacier bear-days down on paper: putting in words what he felt when he stood at arm's length from *ursus horribilis* with nothing more than a movie camera or less between him and all the potent meaning in *horribilis*.

When I realized that there were words, feelings, human-turned images beyond the mechanics of cameras, my own editor-as-word-hunter mouth turned dry. "And where are these words?"

"Oh, right here in the house, in the spare bedroom I use as my office."

"And what do your well-known (Edward Abbey) writer friends think of what you've written?" I asked this question with a long draw on my beer, as Doug shot back:

"Hell, I couldn't let Ed see my stuff. Never. He's too good. It would be embarrassing. He's asked me . . . tried to get me . . . but I just won't show it to him."

Suddenly there wasn't enough beer in my can to slake the powerful thirst these last words had inspired. If not Ed Abbey, then who had read Doug's work? We ran out of beer, and there were a few painful moments while we switched to Jack Daniels, and I continued with my side of the conversation.

"Well," said I, trying to sound relaxed when actually I was sitting on the edge of my editor's chair, "if you wouldn't show it to Ed, and you haven't shown it to your other writer friends, then what do the people you've shown it to think of it?"

Just as Doug is reputed to know what the Grizzly Bears he watches are going to do before the bears themselves know, I knew his answer. Doug hadn't shown his work to anyone outside his family, and it was only a quick step or two from there to his agreeing to let us at AMERICAN WEST take a look at it the next day. He was ready. We were ready. I can't say how much credit should go to an unremembered brand of beer and a fifth of Jack Daniels.

The writing was beautiful. The feeling was more. The experience had never been experienced before by anyone in modern times over and over and over again. Doug had found his totem. It probably saved him from a lingering death or worse out of Vietnam. It brought us one of the finest pieces of writing we've ever published—but judge that for yourself in this issue.

Being editor of AMERICAN WEST may not be as exciting as sitting at that table above—and I still do look longingly at it—but the discovery of Doug and his writing has been as moving in its own way for us as any bear Doug ever watched at the "Grizzly Hilton."

Tom Pew

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PHOTOS BY AUTHORS

Winter Photographs on Cross-Country Skis

by Erwin and Peggy Bauer

Purely photographic equipment is not all that a Western photographer may require. As long as winter grips the land and snows are deep, a pair of cross-country skis can be as important as a suitcase full of film and accessory lenses. Many of our most fulfilling days have been spent filming along cold ski trails of the Rockies. Consider one of the greatest photo opportunities we've ever found anywhere.

Virtually all of Yellowstone Park is inaccessible during the heart of winter, which is the season when our first national park is most magnificent. Roads and campgrounds are buried under a great burden of snow. Especially around the hot springs and geyser basins, where steam crystalizes and hangs in the atmosphere, a visitor can easily imagine he has found another glittering planet.

Fortunately, two accommodations remain open over-winter for the modest number of tourists who have discovered them: Mammoth Hotel and Snow Lodge at Old Faithful. One can drive to Mammoth from nearby Gardiner, Montana, and points north. But to visit Old Faithful, you catch the daily morning snowcoach at the Stage Coach Inn, West Yellowstone, for a three-hour trip punctuated with numerous stops to expose film. You carry skis, ski poles, your overnight luggage, and your photo gear aboard the coach, and using Snow Lodge (or Mammoth Hotel) as a base, you can ski as far as your stamina allows in any direction. Particularly if it is a cold and sunny day, you may never again ski over such stunning scenery. If you do not own your own skis, you can rent them at Snow Lodge. A few hundred yards away, Old Faithful erupts on

schedule exactly as in summertime, except that the steam plume is much greater and higher in winter. From there take the regular ski trail downstream along the Firehole River to adventure.

Because the Firehole is fed by hot water boiling from underground, it never freezes and is therefore a magnet for wildlife. We found it impossible to ski more than a mile here without seeing herds of elk and bison bulldozing through the drifts, sometimes a coyote or trumpeter swans, flocks of Canada geese, or a mule deer, all at very close range. None but skiers can ever see these splendid images in their viewfinders because snowmobiles are restricted to the main marked

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roads, and going afoot is not possible.

To spare ourselves the nuisance of frequent waxing, and also because we are not interested in speed, we use waxless rather than racing skis. We have felt liners for warmth inside our ankle-high ski boots, and we wear knee-high gaiters for the times when we leave firm trails and make our own paths through soft new snow. Our ski poles serve a dual purpose, to help propel us and also as a convenient camera base. Atop the handle of one pole we have welded a screw-head to fit either the 35mm SLR camera or long telephoto lens, so that the ski pole becomes a monopod. But it is almost as easy to hold both ski poles in one hand so that they form a sturdy bipod where the handles cross near the top.

Because wild creatures are less active during midwinter to conserve body heat and energy, they are not nearly so elusive camera subjects as during other seasons. So, carrying a large telephoto lens is seldom necessary. Winter is an ideal time to film wildlife clearly seen in its natural environment.

But that same extreme cold that creates bright days and exquisite photographs also poses problems with keeping warm and with camera handling. Start out by wearing warm headgear because so much heat escapes from the top. We solve the problem of body warmth by using the layer system, by adding or removing sweaters and jackets as needed. When not worn, the garments are stuffed into a beltpack or a light backpack along with extra lenses, filters, and high-calorie snacks. We carry cameras on a wide, short strap, high on the chest and inside the outer garment, which is usually a windbreaker. This keeps the camera free of snow and warm enough to be operative. Too-cold exposure meters do not give accurate readings. Extra film goes into breast or inside pockets also for warmth. When very cold, color film becomes both brittle and unstable.

Hands are the hardest of all to keep warm, and some days it seems impossible. But one solution is a pair of thin, close-fitting gloves that slip easily into and out of a pair of down-filled mittens. The mittens are snapped to the sleeves of an outer jacket, or connected together by a cord running inside a jacket and over the shoulders to keep them from being lost when removed. Palm-sized chemical (carbide) handwarmers in the pockets can put out some heat for a few hours of skiing.

Almost as nagging as stiff, numb fingers is the problem of overexposure and pale bleached-out slides on very bright days over snow. It is avoided by shooting mostly when the angle of the sun is lowest, in other words, early or late in the day. Avoid shooting with the light directly behind your shoulder. Wearing dark sunglasses is likely to give a photographer a false idea of just how bright the day really is. We film many snow scenes with either a polaroid or a neutral density filter. Polaroids darken blue sky and eliminate reflection spots. The neutral densities come in various shades of gray and do not alter the color of a scene. Rather, the effect is to darken everything, which can also be accomplished by deliberate under-exposure.

Finally, in case there is any question, cross-country skiing or ski touring is a gentle skill that anyone of average coordination can easily and quickly learn. It is safe and stimulating as well. With an hour's instruction or even much less, almost anyone can be skiing well enough to follow a trail. Nowadays a pair of waxless skis, poles, and boots suitable for winter photography will cost about $150, or less than most new lenses. But the same gear can be rented anywhere in snow country for the price of one roll of Kodachrome plus developing, with the rental cost deducted if you choose to buy. The skiing is pure pleasure in itself, but it also opens up an exquisite new world for camera people every winter.

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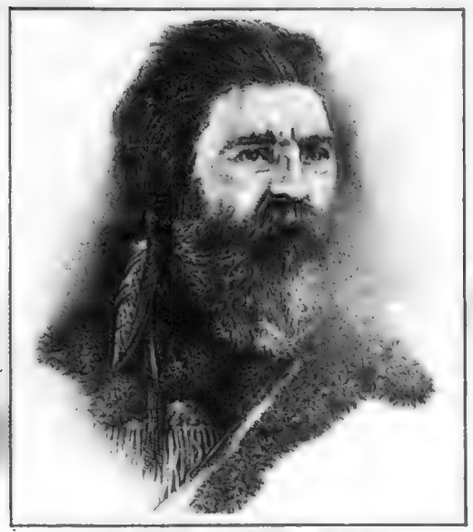

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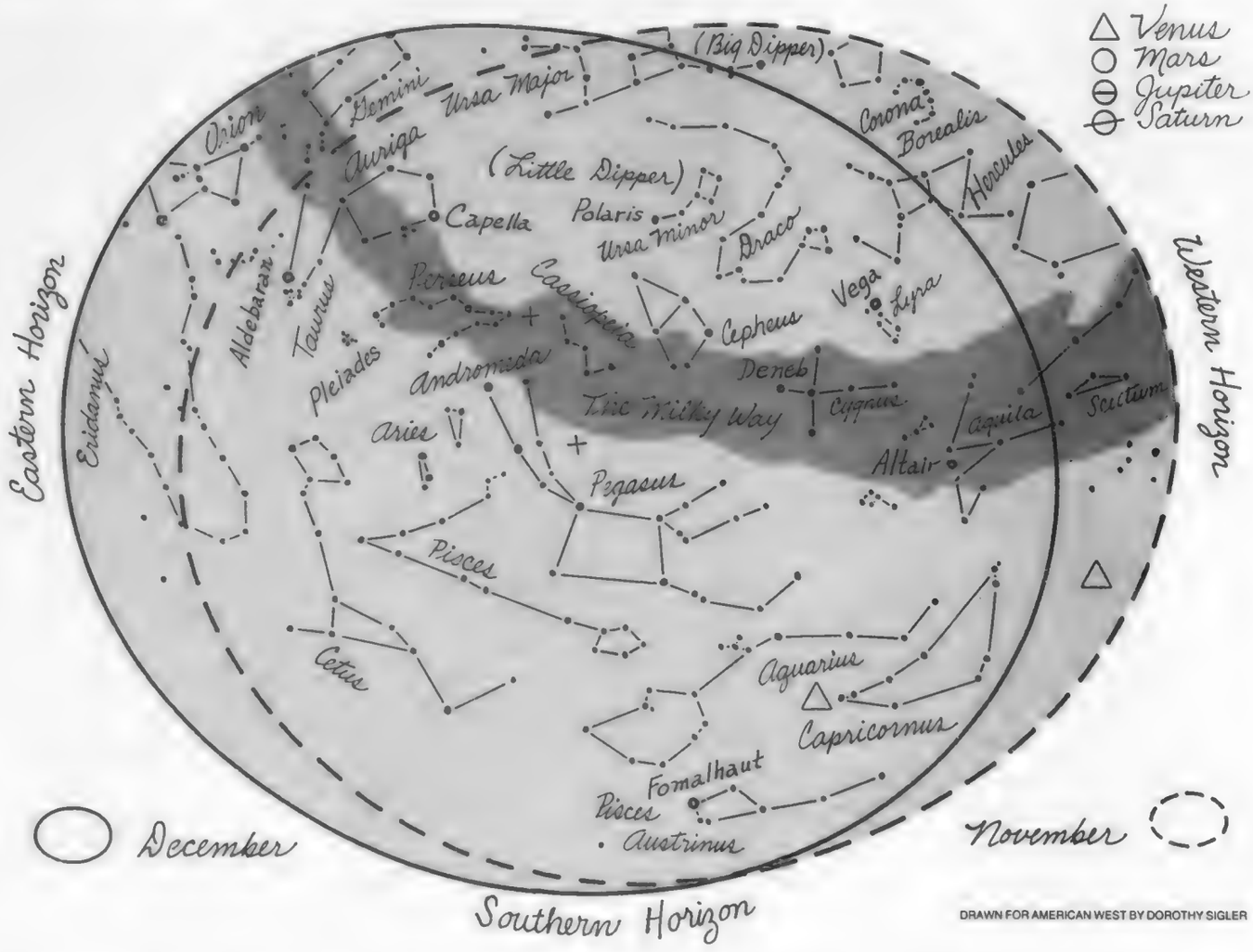
Western Skies



DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY DOROTHY SIGLER

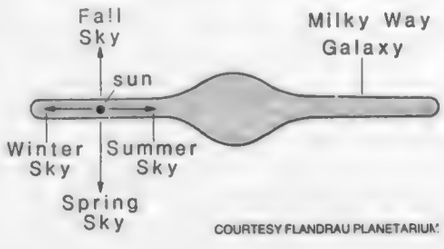
Viewing the Subtle Skies of Fall

by O. Richard Norton

If you took up my challenge to begin a more than casual study of the heavens this past summer, then you will want to continue your exploration into the fall season. I suggested that the summer sky is a good place to start, but I must admit that the summer sky is so rich in stars that the beginner can be somewhat intimidated by it all. Don't be concerned if you didn't find all the constellations on your road map of Western skies. It may take a few summers for you to learn them all. I assure you the thrill of seeing old sky friends appearing in the east each summer makes it all worthwhile.

The fall sky provides something of a restful hiatus after the turmoil of the summer spectacle of constellations. In November, the Milky Way arches low in the northern part of the heavens, and by midnight on the fifteenth, the autumn constellations are in full view. The first thing you may notice is that the sky seems to lack the luster of the summer sky. Far fewer bright stars are visible. As we bid farewell to the Scorpion with its orange star *Antares* and Lyra with its blue diamond, *Vega*, we also bid farewell to the brighter stars for the time being. Only *Fomalhaut* in the far south stands as a solitary white beacon in the night to remind us of the past glories of summer.

Why is the fall sky so diminished? This is a profound question with an equally profound answer. It has to do with our location in the galaxy. Look at the sketch at right. Here, we have marked the sun's (and earth's) location within our wheel-shaped spiral galaxy. Seen on edge, our galaxy appears as a flattened disk with the hub of the disk appearing as a bulge in the center. Since we are located within the disk we can look out along the disk. When we do this, we see the disk plane and call it the Milky Way. In the summer our view along the Milky Way is toward the center of our galaxy located behind Sagittarius. In the winter, our view along the Milky Way is toward the edge of the disk and toward Orion. Your observations of the summer Milky Way with binoculars showed you that the Milky



COURTESY FLANDRAU PLANETARIUM

Way was composed of myriads of stars. It's no wonder that the summer and winter skies are bright with stars, for these two seasons support the galactic disk. But notice the direction we look in the fall. In this season, our view is out of the disk plane and into deep space. It's no surprise then that the stars are fewer in number and fainter. We're looking away from our Milky Way Galaxy.

Like the summer sky, the best place to start your study of the fall sky is in the north where *Polaris* stands perpetual guard on the north celestial pole. At the beginning of November about an hour after sunset, the "W" shaped constellation of Cassiopeia stands low in the northeast while Ursa Major (Big Dipper) is low in the northwest and *Polaris* stands between the two. Cassiopeia and Ursa Major are always on opposite sides of the pole. They are called circumpolar constellations since they constantly circle the pole. For observers above 40° north latitude, they never appear to set. If you carefully note the position of these constellations from night to night at the same time, you will notice that they are slowly changing position with respect to the horizon. In a month's time they will have moved 30° around the pole from their starting position. You can see how this can be used as a calendar, and if you're really observant, you might think of a way to tell time by the position of these two constellations in any month. I leave the remaining fall constellations to your scrutiny. Just remember, use those constellations familiar to you to help you locate new ones. For example, now that you have found Cassiopeia, use its position to locate the Great Square of Pegasus adjacent to it and to the south.

Where Are the Planets?

Through the summer the planets Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn were well placed for observation in Scorpius and Sagittarius; but as the year approaches its end, these planets become lost in the sun's glare. By the end of November, Venus appears low in the west and slowly moves eastward through Capricornus. By the end of December look for Venus as a bright "Christmas star" just east of Capricornus and south of the west point on the horizon. Venus is marked twice on the map to show its rapid motion during these months.

Using Your Binoculars

The fall sky hosts one of the most spectacular of the galaxies visible in the sky, the Andromeda Galaxy. To find it, first locate the Square of Pegasus on the map and notice the two lines of stars off the NE corner of the square. This is Andromeda. The galaxy is midway along the upper line of stars. I've marked it with an "X." In a dark sky you should be able to see this galaxy with the unaided eye. Now prepare yourself for a real treat as you observe it with your binoculars. The great disk of stars will stretch clear across the field of view. Just consider this: you are looking at a galaxy of 150 billion stars over 2 million light years away! And while you're at it locate Perseus just to the northeast of Andromeda. At the very top of the crooked "V" outlining the constellation is another faint nebulous-appearing object also marked with an "X" on your map. Unlike the Andromeda Galaxy, this object is easily resolved into two clusters of stars with binoculars. This is the well known double star cluster in Perseus.

To know something special about each of these little patches of light will enhance your observing pleasure. For example, this double cluster was born about the time the trilobites ruled over the earth 600 million years ago, and the light that we are now receiving from the Andromeda Galaxy left that sister spiral 2.3 million years ago just about the time that the very earliest ancestors of man were roaming the earth.

O. Richard Norton *is director of the Flandrau Planetarium on the campus of the University of Arizona in Tucson.*

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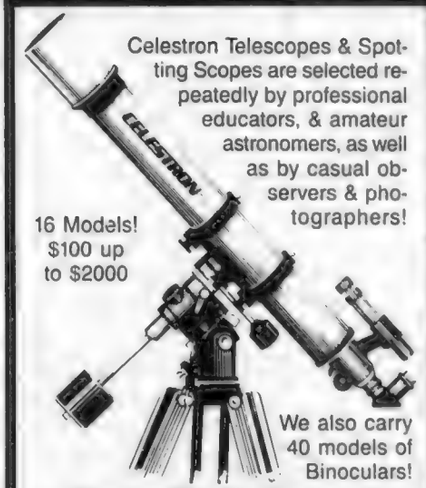

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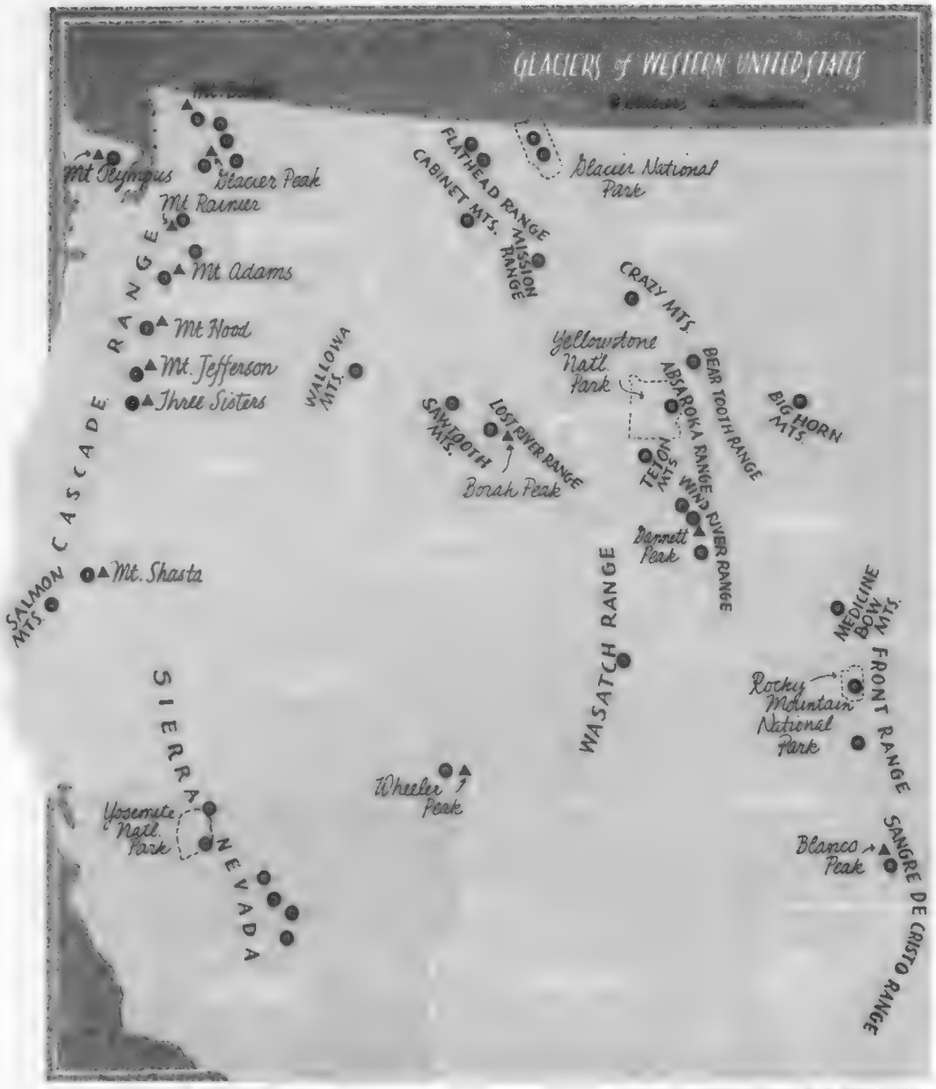


INFORMATION FROM U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY ELIZABETH WOLF

Western Glaciers Yesterday and Tomorrow

by Stephen L. Harris

Because Western glaciers are relatively few and restricted to high peaks in the Rockies, Sierra Nevada, and Cascade Range, most Americans do not realize the enormous role glacial ice has played in sculpturing our Western landscape.

During the Pleistocene Epoch (Ice Age), beginning about 1.7 million years ago, vast continental ice sheets repeatedly formed, burying virtually all of Canada and extending southward into northern United States. Simultaneously, thick ice caps accumulated along mountain belts, engulfing all but the loftiest summits in masses of grinding ice. In some cases, these alpine glaciers advanced many miles downvalley to merge with lowland ice sheets descending from the north.

During the last major advance of the Pleistocene glaciers, which reached their maximum extent about 18,000 years ago, the site of Seattle, Washington, was submerged beneath an ice tongue 4,000 feet thick. Canyon-filling glaciers extended sixty-five miles from their source on the volcanic cone of Mount Rainier, while an unbroken ice cap, thousands of feet thick, stretched from Oregon's Mount Hood to the foot of Mount McLoughlin, a few miles north of the California border.

With seventeen million cubic miles of the world's water locked up in ice, sea level dropped 300 to 400 feet below its present level. As the moving ice excavated broad valleys and eroded mountains, the continents assumed new shapes with radically different shorelines. The lowered sea level exposed land bridges, one of which linked Asia and North America, permitting human beings to set foot on our continent for the first time.

The last Pleistocene glaciers melted away only ten to twelve thousand years ago, a mere fraction of a second in geologic time. A global warming followed, and average world temperatures were higher than they are now. Many scientists believe that during this period nearly all glaciers in the forty-eight adjacent states disappeared, leaving even the highest mountains stripped of their icy mantles. Thus, present-day glaciers are not shrunken remnants of their Ice Age predecessors; they formed rather recently in response to a climatic cooling that began about 3,500 years ago.

Many of today's glaciers are surprisingly youthful. Some alpine glaciers were born during the "Little Ice Age," which started in the fourteenth century and climaxed only about one hundred years ago. Pioneers settling the Pacific Northwest or northern Rocky Mountain states during the nineteenth century found significantly larger glaciers than those of today.

In the decades following 1900, glaciers in the Cascades, Rockies, and Sierra underwent such rapid melting and retreat that they seemed in danger of vanishing altogether. In 1895 J. S. Diller, a government geologist, calculated that the length of the Konwakiton Glacier on Mount Shasta was about five miles. Its present length is only a quarter of a mile. In 1934 Howel Williams, then a professor at the University of California at Berkeley, estimated that three square miles of Shasta's bulk was overlaid by active ice streams. By 1954 they covered only about two square miles. The ice shrinkage at Mount Rainier, the West's most heavily glaciated peak, was even more dramatic. During the mid-1800s Rainier's ice cover reportedly extended over forty-five to fifty-five square miles. By 1913 the area had diminished to about forty square miles, exposing ridges of lava rock for the first time in centuries. By 1950 glacial ice

mantled no more than thirty-four square miles of the volcano's surface. Although irregular in rate and timing, a comparable glacial withdrawal was noted throughout the West.

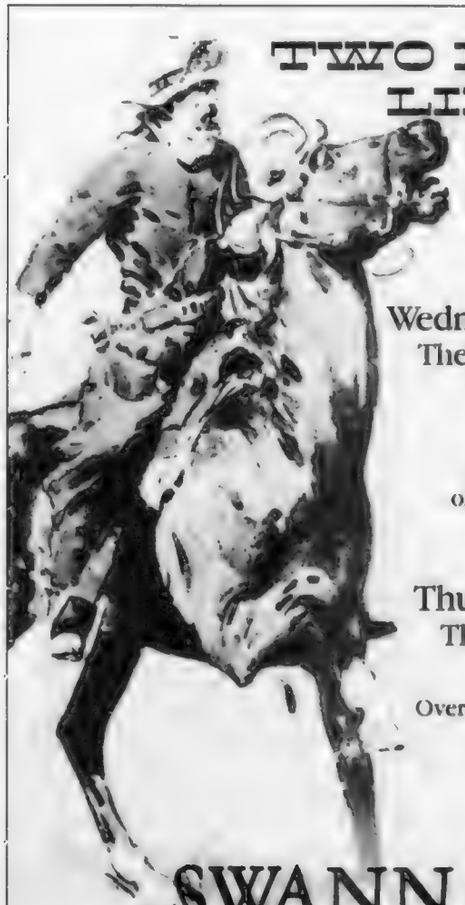
Since about 1950, however, glaciers at Mount Rainier, Mount Hood, Mount Baker, and other peaks have visibly responded to the cycle of cooler, wetter weather that began in the 1940s. The recent behavior of our Western glaciers as a group has not been consistent or simultaneous, however. While most ice streams appear to be holding their own, others are still shrinking; some are growing vigorously. Whether a glacier advances or retreats depends not only on the quantity of snow that falls to replenish its mass every winter, but on the rate of summer melting, its position on a particular mountain, its elevation, and the degree of its exposure to sunlight.

Because the glaciers of Mount Rainier have been the most thoroughly studied and measured for the longest period of time, we use that ice system as representative of glacial events occurring on other mountains of the West. Perhaps because its southern exposure makes it particularly sensitive to climatic changes, Rainier's Nisqually Glacier has an unusually high melt rate and degree of fluctuation, both in ice thickness and position of the terminus. The annual recording of the location of Nisqually's snout began in 1918, logging a series of unbroken retreats for thirty-four years. By 1952 the glacier had withdrawn half a mile upvalley, leaving a residue of dirty, stagnant ice that masked the actual terminus. Beginning in 1953, however, a revitalized ice front overrode the stagnant ice and pushed forward until 1969. Between 1969 and 1974 the Nisqually again lost ground, retreating 197 feet, but then reversed direction and advanced downvalley about 600 feet between 1974 and the early 1980s. The largest ice mass in the United States south of Alaska, the Emmons Glacier is also vigorously expanding, as are the Tahoma, South Tahoma, and Cowlitz glaciers. The Carbon Glacier on Rainier's north flank terminates at about 3,000 feet above sea level, the lowest elevation of any major glacier in the continental United States, and has advanced several hundred feet in recent years.

While statistics are not so complete for other Western glaciers as they are for those shrouding Mount Rainier, a similar nonsynchronous pattern of growth, stabilization, and shrinkage is currently taking place in the Cascade Range and the Rockies. Some tentative conclusions about glacier activity in the West may be drawn: Most of the expanding ice streams face north or northeast, where they are shadowed much of the day by their host mountain. Most of the advancing glaciers have higher mean altitudes than other glaciers in the immediate vicinity that are not growing. All dwindling glaciers have lower mean altitudes than nearby glaciers that have presently attained a state of equilibrium. In general, the higher a glacier heads on its host peak, the more likely it is to grow under favorable circumstances.

Present glacial growth or decline is too diverse and inconsistent to predict any long-range trend. Because of their sensitivity to even minor variations in climate, however, glaciers are excellent indicators of future climatic developments. Today's benign weather is atypical of the earth's climatic history as a whole, and it is by no means certain that the Holocene (the geologic epoch in which we now live) is not merely an interval between global glaciations. Much longer time periods than the Holocene's 10,000-year duration have elapsed between recurrences of giant Pleistocene ice lobes. If our age ultimately proves to be a temporary hiatus between the growth of land-smothering ice sheets, our Western glaciers will give nature's first warning of the impending change.

Stephen L. Harris *is a Professor of Humanities at California State University, Sacramento.*



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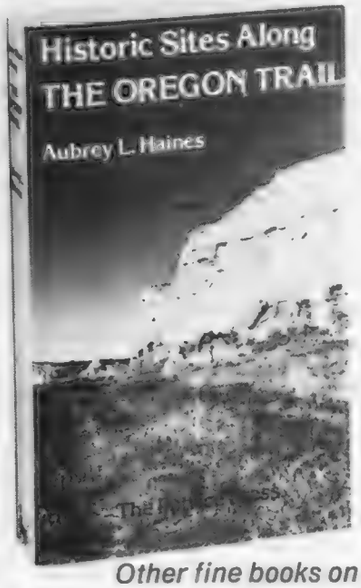

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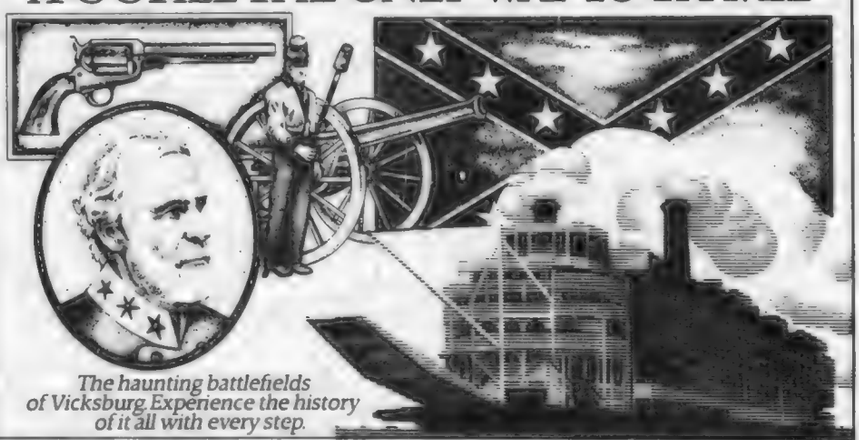

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Western Lookout

COURTESY DAN HOLLOW, GREAT FALLS TRIBUNE, MONTANA

Cousteau in the West

Last spring Jacques Cousteau took time out from his busy affairs in Europe to join the Cousteau Society crew near Ft. Benton, Montana. The renowned marine explorer came to see dazzling white cliffs along the Missouri River—the same white cliffs rendered in 1833 by Karl Bodmer, expedition artist for Prince Maximilian of Wied.

For Jacques Cousteau, this was but a brief visit. But for his son Jean-Michel and the rest of the Cousteau crew, White Cliffs canyon was one of many stops along the 2,500-mile course of the Big Muddy. The Missouri expedition was the second segment of a major exploration of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

Those who associate the name Cousteau with underwater oceanscapes and untamed riverways may be surprised to find the crew of the Calypso on the highly exploited and greatly altered rivers of North America. But as Jean-Michel Cousteau often states, "Our rivers are the roots of the oceans." And with information gleaned from a battery of water tests and wildlife studies of surrounding lands, the Cousteau Society can lend its perspective to the development of better water management.

Turbid conditions on both rivers made underwater filming difficult, but divers came up with good footage of below-the-ice life in Lake Itasca (the source of the Mississippi in Minnesota) and denizens of the Missouri like buffalo fish and sturgeon. To the divers' delight, they also turned up an old buffalo skull. Fish and wildlife, however, will not be the exclusive subject of the Society's upcoming documentary. The people who live and work along these waterways will speak out. Each will tell of a different acquaintance, a personal partnership, with these rivers that figured so prominently in the development of the American frontier.

The Cowboy Poetry Gathering, celebrating "poems of the working buckaroo, cowboy recitations, and traditional cowboy rhyme" from the ranchhands' point of view, will take place in Elko, Nevada, January 31 through February 3, 1985. Readings on ranch life—romance, rodeo, religion, reality—as well as cowboy folk art, music, and films are being corralled for a four-day shindig by the Institute of the American West, P.O. Box 656, Sun Valley, Idaho 83353. For information call Hal Cannon at (208) 622-9371.

"Benevolence builds bridges." So says Colorado Historical Society president, Barbara

Continued on page 50

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THE BUSHES PART, AND A CHOCOLATE BROWN GRIZZLY bear steps into the mountain clearing. Cautiously, he ambles over the downed timber swinging his huge dish-shaped head from side to side. His dark hump, the mound of muscle between his shoulders providing the source of the great swiping and digging power of the most awesome carnivore on the continent, is enormous. At five hundred pounds, when he stands, he towers a head above my own. The big bear stops. He stiffens and thrusts his nose up into the cool evening air, reaching for a scent of the intruder. He rears, his jaws agape, and slowly spins on his hind feet as if in a gentle dance. Suddenly he bolts down the mountain, through the basin, huffing and rolling over the deadfalls as easily as water cascades over rapids. His vast rippling flanks disappear as he reaches the timber.

I watch from the ridgetop that constitutes the spine of this tiny mountain range. This is only the beginning. It's now the last of August, and within the week this Montana high country will be crawling with more grizzly bears than I can count.

Off to the southwest tall anvil-shaped thunderheads rumble. An electrical storm is headed my way. This naked ridgeline is a poor place to be during a thunderstorm. I see a distant flash of lightning and count the seconds between the strike and the arrival of the reverberating sound: nearly twenty seconds, which means the storm is still about five miles away—less than half an hour for me to get off the ridgetop. Since I'm an hour and a half away from my home—a fire lookout on the northern tip of the range—I know I'm going to get it.

Hurriedly I cram my binoculars and notebooks into my small canvas pack and strike back up the ridge, striding along the game trail. Behind me the lightning hits. The interval between the flash and boom is now less than five seconds, and I've got to get off this treeless spine. I drop off the narrow ridge, sliding down the steep slope to my right until I reach subalpine, dwarfed fir trees. A horizontal rain stings my face and neck. I dig a cheap green slicker out of the pack and squat among the trees. The rain turns to hail. I shiver, then forget about the cold as a lightning bolt explodes somewhere close by. A man standing on the ridge would be a lightning rod. I shrink even lower into the brush.

PHOTO BY DAVID HANCOCK

A Gathering of Grizzlies

The view from the Grizzly Hilton by a man who found his totem

Doug Peacock

DOUG PEACOCK PHOTO BY LISA WHITEHEAD

Doug Peacock is a man who has found his totem. For the past ten summers, "Mr. Griz" has lived alone among the grizzly bears in Montana and Wyoming and has come to know them well. After one and a half years of service in Vietnam as a medic on a twelve-man Green Beret team, Peacock came home and sought refuge in the deserts and the mountains. "I was crazy when I got out of the army," he says. He isolated himself, not caring to see or talk with anyone. In Yellowstone and then in Glacier National Park, he "ran into" and got to know the grizzlies. He supported himself by taking seasonal jobs as a ranger for the Park Service and as a lookout for the Forest Service.

Peacock's acquaintance with ursus horribilis *has made him a vigorous crusader to save the grizzlies, speaking often on their behalf to groups and on television. He sees the bear as a symbol of freedom that modern society needs, and he disagrees with the government's policy of "managing" the bears and their habitat. We must back off, contends Peacock, and leave the wilderness and the grizzly alone.*

Doug Peacock's unusual experiences and his remarkable films of grizzlies in the wild are the basis for a book that he is now writing and a motion picture that is planned.

The bolts slam into the mountain for ten minutes, then slack off. The storm is moving on, but another will be coming. Soaking wet and cold, but still leery of walking the ridgetop, I decide to contour through the dense undergrowth on the side of the mountain, then down a spur ridge to the trail that leads safely to my lookout. The brush is sopping, and every few minutes I slide downhill, slipping on the slick hillside. Nonetheless, I make decent time, anxious to reach the relative security of the trail by dark.

Something makes me freeze—maybe a scent, a subliminal sound. I listen. An animal is moving in the brush just ahead, maybe forty feet away. I may have made a bad mistake. Over the sound of the rustling underbush I can hear a large animal breathing. I've obviously blundered onto a bedded bear, probably a grizzly. I don't understand why the animal doesn't charge or flee. I stand motionless for three minutes watching the wind blow across the thick tangle of mountain ash and *Vaccinium*, looking for some sign of the animal I can hear so clearly. Distant thunder rolls far to the west; another storm is on the way. My stomach knots, but the initial sickly, panicky feeling at nearly stepping on a grizzly bear gives way to a growing confidence as I slowly comprehend that the bear means no harm to me. Neither does it fear me. The invisible animal in the brush sounds lethargic as grizzlies sometimes are when they retreat to day beds just before severe storms.

SLOWLY I BACK UP THE SLOPE, STEP BY STEP, STOPPING every few seconds to listen for the bear who seems to be moving in the opposite direction. Though I usually talk to grizzlies when I accidentally stumble too close to them, I am silent with this bear. We have just shared a lightning storm. Quiet is better.

In five minutes I reach the crest of the range again and move rapidly northward hoping to pass safely above the bear and drop down to the trail ahead of him. The hell with the approaching storm; I am less concerned about lightning at this point than I am about running into another grizzly.

The mountain crest rises to a small summit. I veer off and start down the open ridge, back to the trail, when into the open bursts the bear, a medium-sized grizzly. The bear looks up at me, then turns and lopes down the ridge, disappearing into the bushes again. It is a beautiful grizzly, blond, with ink-dipped forepaws and ears, a Siamese or panda-color pattern not uncommon here, especially among younger animals.

I hurry down the side ridge, reaching the foot trail just as the rain begins again. The bear has vanished into the darkness, and I race up the path as fast as I dare.

As I round the last curve on the trail, a stark two-story pagoda perched on a mountain top comes into view. At last. I should get there just at dark; the ridge carries more light than these gloomy north slopes of mountains. My fire lookout is a wooden structure built in the early thirties after the forest fire of 1929. My twelve-foot-square living quarters are framed on all sides by glass windows, with a catwalk around the outside just high enough to be out of reach of the tallest grizzly. It has been my summer home since 1976, five years ago.

I stumble up the steps in the dark, glad to be home and happy to be living in the midst of a glut of grizzlies again. I strip off my wet clothes and light a Coleman lantern. A miniature wood stove sits in one corner with a prelaid fire ready to torch. I strike another match and light it to take off the chill. Lightning flashes in the southern sky. This is a special night: the grizzlies have begun to gather in the high shrubfields, and my real work is about to begin.

Within a few days, I will close up the lookout for the year, sign off the government register, and drag my old movie camera down the ridge to a particular clump of trees I call the Grizzly Hilton. There I'll spend the next few weeks living with and filming bears. I'll stay there as long as I can, as long as the Black Grizzly doesn't show up. The Black Grizzly is the biggest and most cantankerous bear of this social gathering. He appears at the same place every year about mid-September. At that point, this friendly gathering of grizzlies grows tense and dangerous, for me as well as for bears. The Black Grizzly has been known to charge everything he sees. He is my favorite bear, my Moby Dick Grizzly, representing exactly what a grizzly bear should be: a wild force, as indomitable and recalcitrant as the wind. I will be watching for the Black Grizzly.

A week later, the lookout is shut down. I have signed off and am heading for my Grizzly Hilton. The leaves of the bushes along the narrow game trail have been knocked off, telling me that there has been considerable traffic—most of it no doubt grizzly bears—since the first frost three days ago. I am moving slowly, weighted down with 16mm camera equipment and enough camping gear for a week. The only thing I'm short of is food: like the bears, I'll live for the next six or seven days on a diet of huckleberries exclusively. Between the upper branches of the towering larch and spruce (survivors of the last two cycles of forest fires), wedges of a distant hillside flash by, mottled in brilliant red and yellow. Fall has already touched the high country. My route to the Grizzly Hilton follows a series of game trails through the thick vegetation of the young seral forest, then along narrow ridgetops to the crest of the range. There is no path. The only people I know of who have visited the area are those I have brought in.

I WADE ACROSS A TINY CREEK AND BREAK TO FILL MY THREE one-gallon canteens, since the upper reaches of this small mountain range are poorly watered and the few cool spring holes are favorite bedding spots for grizzly bears. The brush along the creek, mostly alder and dried stalks of cow parsnip, is trampled and broken—sign of the recent passage of many animals. I start upstream leaning into the brush more cautiously, making just enough noise to forewarn any bedded bear that might be napping in the creek bottom. I skirt the muddy edge of a marshy area carefully reading the sign: the tracks of a moose, a large black bear, and at least five different grizzlies, all having passed through in the ten days since the last hard rain. Looks like a sow with two cubs, a subadult, and a huge adult grizzly. I'll be glad when I climb up out of this brush onto the ridgetop.

I strike off on an even more obscure game trail. The tall brush lashes my face and tugs at my pack and the awkward movie tripod. I push upward through the branches, pulling myself on

GRIZZLY SOW AND CUBS, ALASKA

PHOTO BY ERWIN & PEGGY BAUER

by bushes and alder trees for twenty minutes, then top out on a narrow, open, rocky ridgetop.

Sweat runs off my head, washing lodgepole pollen from the berry bushes into my eyes. I stop before a half-gallon pile of huckleberry scat. The spoor was left by an enormous grizzly. I know of only three or four animals that size, and one of them is the Black Grizzly.

A sound startles me. I freeze and turn my good ear into the wind. A brash bawling drifts along the timbered valley coming from the upper reaches of the basin. Again the cry shatters the mountain stillness. The sound seems to be moving toward me, down the small drainage below to the south. Through my big Navy glasses, I study openings and avalanche chutes for movement. Nothing. I drop my heavy pack and crawl to the edge of the steep-sided ridge, scanning the tiny creekbed that traces the bottom of the small valley. I see nothing, though by now I can clearly hear the crunch of brush generated by large running animals.

Suddenly a medium-sized brown grizzly rushes into an opening in the timber three hundred yards below me, spins and rears, looking back up the valley. A second later she is joined by two furry, brown, grizzly cubs who run underneath her. It is a family I saw from the lookout last week. She turns and bolts into the trees. The cubs follow. I can hear the huffing sounds of all three now. The grizzly family sounds like a runaway freight train, huffing and puffing, crashing heavily through the thick brush and close timber. Just as they pass below me, one of the cubs bawls again, a panicky and mournful cry that raises the hair on the back of my neck.

I listen to the family scrambling through the brush for nearly four minutes as they alternately pause to scent the air, then hurtle themselves through the tangle of underbrush and deadfalls. What they are running from I can only guess, though it is certainly another bear, probably a big male. I grab my pack and the tripod and push on up the ridge, climbing to a level just below the highest summits. Finally, I reach a saddle overlooking a tiny basin to the south; in the heart of the basin lies a shallow tarn. A larger, deeper valley falls off to the north.

The hillsides are painted with thick blotches of orange, red, and yellow punctured by towering subalpine firs. The wind dries my sweaty camouflaged shirt as I nibble huckleberries. The bushes are heavy with them. I take the pair of glasses from my pack again and begin searching the slopes in earnest. Though it is during the heat of a warm September day, I see no fewer than five grizzlies. A big brown sow and two fat blond yearlings browse in the shadows just upslope from the tarn. Higher up the hill I see a pair of young silvertips feeding together. The pair are close to each other and only a hundred and

fifty yards from the family. Grizzlies sometimes group like this. Usually the only time adult grizzlies tolerate each other is during the mating season. Subadults sometimes band together; often, sibling pairs remain together a third or fourth season. Atypical groupings usually involve a productive female, her offspring, and other (usually subadult) grizzlies. It may be that the pair of four-year-olds feeding high on the opposite hillside is a previous litter of the brown sow. I am never sure. There are so many grizzlies packed into this area in late summer I can never keep track of all of them.

BELOW ME, IN THE TIMBER COVERING THE BOTTOM OF THE drainage, my eye catches a dark movement in the shadows—maybe a black bear. I study the thicket of spruce and fir. A huge, dark brown head pops into the sunlight. I breathe a sigh of relief; it's not the Black Grizzly. It's a big brown boar I know from previous years, a bear who dens in this area. He's bedded now, waiting for the shadows to fall before he ventures forth to feed again.

The big brown grizzly ignores the family of the yearlings who will nonetheless avoid violating the bear's "individual space," a phrase used to describe the distance within which a bear will charge or otherwise defend his territory. Grizzlies are not territorial like other carnivores. They do have a preference for certain seasonal ranges and share these forage areas with other bears. Besides, grizzlies are very secure and tolerant on day beds. I've seen the big brown bear allow smaller bears to pass within fifty feet while he was bedded.

Meanwhile, the trio of grizzlies browses, moving rapidly downslope. They are headed toward the shallow pond. I dig into the pack for the Bolex and set it on the tripod's head. I screw on my longest lens, a 300mm. The bears roll over the last brush and into the open, walking over a jumble of deadfalls toward the water. As the grizzly family nears the tarn the yearlings' usual taut discipline breaks. Without caution they throw themselves into the pond and frantically beat the water with their paws. They swim, leaving brown mud trails as they stir up the bottom of the shallow, clear tarn.

The sow sniffs the air, then, deciding all is well, walks out on a bleached log and flops into the water. The two yearlings flail away at one another with their paws from either side of a snag. They bite each other's ears and nip like wrestling puppies. The mother joins them, and all three bears disappear in white waves of splashing water.

The sow tries to disengage herself and is attacked from the rear by one of her offspring. She shakes the little bear off and crawls out onto a log. Suddenly, she sniffs the air again and bolts. The yearlings follow. She races across the open ground, circling once in an attempt to identify the location of the scent, then lumbers over the tangle of deadfalls with the muscles of her flanks rippling. Through the viewfinder of the Bolex, I watch the alarmed gracefulness of her flight, experiencing a mixture of regret, awe, and admiration. They've caught my smell. The air currents are fickle here, blowing over the ridges, curling into the basins, and diffusing in every direction.

Feeling inept for not sensing the direction of the air currents, I move on toward the Grizzly Hilton, where I will make my camp. Where you choose to sleep in grizzly country is critical. Of the six people killed by grizzlies in Glacier National Park since 1967, five were mauled while in their sleeping bags, the other at his camp. The most important aspect in picking a campsite is finding a place that bears won't visit. This means a spot not on or near a bear trail, not a potential feeding site, and not a place where bears bed or travel to beds. I usually pick thick timber after checking out the area carefully for bedding sites.

The Grizzly Hilton is a thicket of fir lying on a little knoll apart from the ridgetop trail that bears sometimes use. There is no berry habitat near, and I've never seen sign of a grizzly bedding there. I dump off my pack, then find the tiny opening in which I pitch my tent. Even during good weather I use the tent. I'm not sure why, though it has to do with bears—a visual screen, maybe, giving me one last chance to talk the grizzly out of it. Since I won't be back till dark, I put the tent up now.

I WALK THE CREST, THE AFTERNOON SUN BEHIND ME, CLIMBING to the highest local summit. I sit and scan the scrubfields through my glasses. No less than nine bears are visible on the distant slopes. I can't tell much about them except that there are two families with a single offspring each and five other adults. They are spaced at intervals. Lots of room for everyone. The sun falls behind high cirrus clouds. I watch the mottled shadows of the clouds drift lazily across the mountain range and then lengthen. Two more grizzlies come off their day beds to feed as the air begins to cool. I watch as one subadult wanders and feeds too close to a larger bear who makes a short charge, driving off the youngster. This active sort of dominance is the exception. Usually these grizzlies behave like bison: a dominant animal browses his way in, and the subordinate bear merely moves on a bit.

The next morning, just after daybreak, I return to this ridge. Long before I reach my observation post I can hear rocks rolling down the mountain. Finally I spot the source: the big brown bear is digging on the far slope under a fir tree, rolling huge rocks out and down the slope. He tugs at roots and digs, throwing the dirt out in clouds. He seems to be digging a den for later use. He digs on until the sun hits him, then retreats to a clump of trees where he beds.

I walk over the ridge and peer down into the deep basin to the north. A fan of avalanched snow still remains in the shaded bottom. I sit and listen. Out of the trees steps a lanky, dark grizzly with a peculiar gait. It is Happy Bear, one of my favorites, whom I first came to know in 1976 when he was a skinny four-year-old. Now he's getting on, almost ten years old, about my age in bear years, one foot already in the grave. I see him every year here. He is the most amazingly playful solitary bear I know. Two years ago I filmed him contemplatively sitting in the tarn blowing bubbles in the muddy water and biting them. Later he attacked the water, beating it with his paws and slashing the surface with his jaws.

Happy Bear lumbers across the basin with the stiff, bull-legged gait that makes him so easy to recognize. He walks up to the snow patch and sniffs at what appears to be the scat of another grizzly. Suddenly he leaps into the air as if stung by a

GRIZZLY, WYOMING

PHOTO BY ERWIN & PEGGY BAUER

bee, careening and prancing up and down the great triangle of avalanched snow like a baby buffalo. Leap for joy, grizzer bear. Happy Bear approaches another pile of berry scat with feigned seriousness, only to repeat his dance. He shakes his head like a shaggy ox and leaps in place in tight circles. Finally I film him leaving the snow, prancing across the tiny sedge meadow into the brush. I feel my life has just been touched by magic.

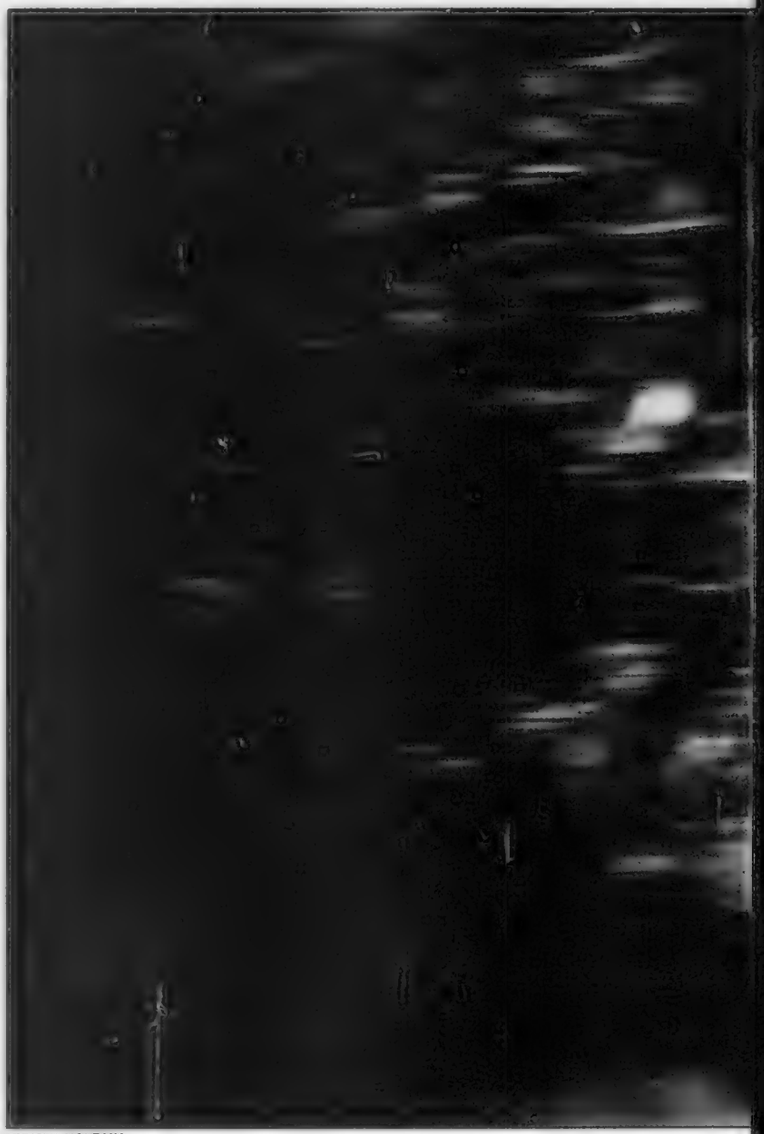
In the north basin I see a sow with a single light-colored cub. They begin feeding up the slope in my direction. Not wanting to disturb them, I climb back toward the Grizzly Hilton, allowing the bears to use the ridge in peace. I sit just below my camp, scanning the basins in the fading light. Just at dark, a big black grizzly appears at the snow patch. The Black Grizzly has finally arrived, and the time of secure camping and sound sleeps is over.

I push the wool cap off my ears and listen. The wind whips the tent fly and cracks it like a whip. I can't hear a sound over the scream of the wind. And that makes me nervous. Now and then I think I hear something moving in the brush, but I am never sure. There is nothing I can do anyway. I am completely helpless, dependent upon the whim of an animal more powerful than I. I wonder if he knows. Drops of wind-driven rain explode against the tent. The din of wind and rain lulls my anxieties, and I fall asleep.

SOMETHING WAKES ME UP. THE WIND HAS DIED, AND THE thud of rain on the tent has softened; it is snowing. I burrow even deeper into my sleeping bag. The snow means the huckleberries will freeze and drop off their bushes in three or four days, which means, in turn, that this congregation of grizzlies will begin to disperse—a process that will be accelerated by the Black Grizzly who generally grows more disagreeable as the season advances. I wonder where he is right now? The curiosity keeps me awake till daybreak.

I shake the flakes off the tent flap and peer out. A four-inch blanket of snow covers everything. The morning is grey, but at least I'm not in a cloud. I carry my garbage-bag-covered camera down the ridge where I can look into the north basin for the Black Grizzly. The slushy snow-covered slopes are deserted. He's probably bedded despite the chilly weather. It will warm up. This isn't winter yet. The reds and yellows of the shrubfields contrast sharply with the fresh snow, an unusual and lovely combination of colors. No sign of any of the various grizzly families or Happy Bear. They may have left the range already. Both the snow and the arrival of the Black Grizzly are signs that this gathering of bears is mostly over. From here on out, the berry crop will fail, and there will be increased competition for the few remaining bushes—and increased aggression from the big bears who will begin to defend their diminished food supply.

I am mulling over these things, considering leaving, when I see Happy Bear emerge from the timber in the north basin. I drag the camera across the ridge and film the lanky grizzly in the wallow below the snow patch. Happy Bear picks up sheets of ice that have frozen on the melt water during the night and plays with them, holding the thin ice by his long claws. Maybe he is looking at his reflection. He breaks the sheet of ice with his nose and then rolls on his back in the muddy water, all four feet in the air.



GRIZZLY, MONTANA

Happy Bear romps and waddles back into the trees. The temperature has risen, and the snow is rapidly melting. I wait out the middle of the day walking the ridge looking for bears, but I don't find any. Even the elk are gone. It's altogether too quiet. I'd feel a lot better if I knew where the Black Grizzly was hanging out. I might even pack up my gear tomorrow and get out of here. My original plan was to wait until I had used up all my movie film, which could take four or five days. But with the Black Grizzly on the scene, the situation is more tense. He drives most of the other bears out of these mountains—so there won't be as many left to film.

By late afternoon the snow has melted, and I haven't seen a thing. I start breaking down my camera, getting ready to return to the Hilton when I hear movement in the brush below me to the north. A sow and a light-colored cub walk out of the bushes onto the false hellebore-studded meadow near the snowfield. They amble warily past the wallow. The cub leaps and nips at its mother who will have no part of the play. The sow is clearly

PHOTO BY DOUG PEACOCK

nervous. The cub pauses to graze on the low sedges which grow on the wet flats below the snow, then runs to catch up to the sow who has started climbing the long ridge between me and the Grizzly Hilton. It means she will pass over the saddle just in front of me. I don't want to disturb the grizzly family, but I don't want to be stuck on this ridge after dark, either. I decide to let the bears pass over the ridge, then slip by them and climb the rest of the way to the Hilton. If I'm careful, they won't get my scent.

Darkess is falling, and the grizzlies haven't hit the ridgetop yet; they've stopped to feed on huckleberries on the way up. I am waiting in the shadows when my heart skips a couple of beats. Below in the meadow stands the Black Grizzly nibbling sedge and shoots of grass. Maybe he'll stay down there. I've already got two grizzlies between me and my camp, and it will be dark in forty-five minutes.

THE BLACK GRIZZLY CROSSES THE MEADOW WITH HIS usual disdain for other scents and worlds beyond his immediate one and starts browsing his way up the side of the ridge. He feeds and climbs rapidly and is half way up the ridge when it dawns on me that he is going to catch up to the sow and her cub before they cross the saddle. That means I'm going to be stuck here on this ridge in the dark with a sow and her cub and the Black Grizzly between me and my sleeping bag. I edge off to the side of the steep-sided ridge where I can at least see what's going on. The Black Grizzy is browsing a hundred feet or so below the sow; neither bear seems aware of the other. I consider dropping off the backside of the ridge and trying to circle around the three bears. But I would never make it; the steep brush is nearly impenetrable.

Suddenly there is a roar, and I hear huffing and the sound of animals running through the brush. The sow breaks into the open a hundred feet in front of me and races across the saddle. The tiny cub struggles with the brush, running at her heels. I hear the intake and exhalation of each breath with each stride. They contour along the rock outcrop below the ridge, oblivious to my presence, running for their lives before the Black Grizzly who flies up the slope tearing through the bushes and bursts over the ridgetop. The big bear gallops like a race horse and just as fast, closing the twenty-yard gap to ten. His muscles ripple in the fading light. The sow and cub flee below

the small cliff. The cub falls a couple of yards behind. I can make out a high-pitched coughing, a panicky sound as if the little bear knows it has but seconds left to live. The Black Grizzly barrels along, closing, making whooshing noises with each long stride. He gains ground until his jaws are but a yard from the tiny bear's hindquarters.

At the last second the sow suddenly stops and spins on her heels, allowing the cub to slip under her as she braces, greeting the crush of the huge grizzly with a chilling roar that makes me instinctively cower. The boar bellows back, and they lock jaws. The boar slashes with his teeth. The sow parries and wards off the attacking jaws of the bigger bear. The cub retreats to a rock thirty feet above and stands there bawling. His mother snarls and bellows; the boar roars back. The Black Grizzly leaps forward and knocks the smaller sow off balance. This may be it. The sow is forced to expose her vulnerable flank. The huge male lunges and seizes the female by the neck. She yelps in pain, throwing her head against the bigger bear, and breaks the grip of his jaws on her neck. The sow quickly recovers and slashes back. She holds her own.

I can see no blood though both bears must be wounded by now. They alternately slash and parry, then stand nose to nose roaring amplified growls, the likes of which I have never heard in all nature. The Black Grizzly slows his attack. Abruptly he changes tactics and once again lunges forward to the throat of the smaller female. She leans into the attack, and they lock jaws, both rising to their hind feet like circling wrestlers. They break and drop to all fours, roaring and bellowing into each other's faces. All this takes place a hundred and fifty feet away with the grizzlies oblivious to my presence.

The face-off stabilizes as the Black Grizzly gives up trying to kill the sow. They lean face to face, bellowing, their reverberations rumbling throughout the mountain valleys. A little shaken, I manage to run a few feet of film, at least capturing a record of this dark, nearly unbelievable scene.

The smaller of the two huge carnivores backs slowly up the hill, still growling with the hair on her neck straight up. The Black Grizzly roars again, his head slightly lowered, his ears flattened back. She inches away from him a few feet at a time and turns her head to the side—a sign she is done fighting. He reads it and seems to turn away almost regretfully. The battle is over.

MEANWHILE, I AM IN A PREDICAMENT. IT IS ALMOST DARK. I am on a knife-edged ridge with steep, impassable brush on either side and nowhere to go but up the ridge to the Grizzly Hilton. Between me and the Hilton, one hundred and fifty feet away, stands the "baddest bear" in the mountains, especially ugly tonight having just finished an inconclusive fight.

Not knowing what to do, I let my instincts loose. I must face-down the great grizzly. I know any failure of confidence here could be literally fatal. I pick up two large brown bags which have been covering my camera and hold them at arm's length. I am wearing a black sweater. Both black and dark-brown grizzlies are often big males. The Black Grizzly turns just off the crest of the ridge a hundred feet away. He looks as though he is pretending to feed—displacement behavior, preoccupied as he must be after the fight in which I expected him to kill the smaller grizzly. He still hasn't seen me, and I've yet to make my move.

I begin. Slowly I inch up the ridge toward the huge grizzly. I speak, "Hey, grizzer bear, it's only me, good old Arapaho, sure hate to bother you." The words thoughtless, irrelevant, the tone and posture everything. The grizzly rears and spins. He takes a huge breath, exhaling like a sounding whale, then drops to all fours facing me. I continue inching toward him, my arms outstretched holding the silly garbage bags, talking nonsense with my head cocked off to the side. The grizzly clicks and gnashes his teeth. I stop at fifty feet. Suddenly the bear takes stiff-legged steps toward me. His ears are back flat against his head. Knowing this is it, I lamely mutter more words. "I'll make it up to you, griz, honest." At fifteen feet away the great bear stops, his head lowered. He looks at me. There is something in his eyes, something I will never put my finger on. The Black Grizzly slowly turns his head to the side, almost sadly, spins gracefully on his rear feet, and ambles off into the brush leaving me alone on the ridgetop.

Only half believing my fortune, I waste no time. I quickly slide by the spot where the bear disappeared and shoot up the ridge to the Grizzly Hilton.

By the time I arrive at my tiny camp it is dark. I lean into the darkness listening for sounds and catch myself shaking uncontrollably. Knowing my camp is far from secure, I gather firewood. Normally, I build no fires here because I don't want to spook the bears. Tonight a fire is my only defense. The trees are subalpine fir, stunted by altitude to grizzly-reachable heights. I work fast, kindling a tiny blaze a few feet from my hidden tent.

The fire bolsters my shaky nerves, and I step to the edge of the hill. Somewhere down in the darkness is the unmistakable sound of a big animal moving through the brush. I listen breathlessly. The animal is coming uphill. The Black Grizzly is coming up here. I return and stoke up the fire.

Hurriedly I gather beargrass plumes. I make a torch of them, but the stalks burn poorly. I add branches to the torch and get the whole thing flaming. I hear the sharp breaking of brush just over the edge of the knoll. Again, I have no choice. Walking to the brink of the hill I hear the grizzly moving not forty feet down the slope. I speak softly, telling the bear I'm sorry I've invaded his territory, thanking him, and assuring him I'll move on. Waving the flaming plumes and branches in the air, I see the small red eyes shine for a brief second. They blink off and disappear into the darkness. I hear the huge bear slowly move back down the hill. I go back and huddle by the little fire.

Half an hour passes. I am beginning to think the bear will leave me in peace when I hear thrashing and breaking in the brush on the other side of the knoll. Again I gather firebrands and walk warily to the edge of the steep drop-off, stare into the darkness, and listen to the angry grizzly fight his way up the hill. When he gets thirty feet away, I throw a burning branch down the slope. The bear stops. I wave the brands in the air and talk to the animal. I can do nothing else. "Hey, Black Grizzly, it's me again. Why don't you give me a break?"

GRIZZLY, MONTANA

PHOTO BY DOUG PEACOCK

GRIZZLY WITH SALMON, ALASKA

PHOTO BY ERWIN & PEGGY BAUER

SILENCE. I PEER INTO THE DARKNESS, SEEING NOTHING. The torch has almost burned down, leaving me naked when I hear the big bear again slowly withdraw back down the mountain.

An hour later I hear the grizzly trying to probe the third side of the pyramid-shaped hill. The scene is repeated.

The wind rises, bringing dim sounds of dark shapes to my ears. The snap of a twig carries to the fire, and my head jerks toward the black trees, finding nothing. It must be midnight. I can't remember being so tired. I can't afford to fall asleep; I have to keep the fire going at all costs. I try to keep my mind moving. My thoughts drift, dwelling on the irony of meeting my end at the jaws of my favorite beast. For a moment I can imagine the flickering fire reflecting the hint of a smile on my face. It vanishes as I hear another branch break.

By about two in the morning, silence returns to the mountains, broken only once by a bugling elk in a distant basin. I doze by my tiny fire, waking every half hour to rekindle the small blaze. Grey dawn breaks in the southeastern sky. With each moment the daylight spreads, and my confidence returns. Still, I've got to get out of these hills, get past the Black Grizzly.

I pick up my binoculars and walk to the edge of the knoll where I can see down into the basins. In the trees near the sedge meadow I see a dark shape. The Black Grizzly steps into the open and begins grazing. I return to the Hilton and break camp, deciding to take a walk in the opposite direction and give the big bear time to bed down. I walk the high ridge for a couple of miles and sit, waiting for the sun to break free of the clouds.

Two hours later I hike back to camp to finish packing up. The bear should be bedded down by now. I approach the Grizzly Hilton and stop short. Something is wrong. Something floats on the air. Down feathers cover everything. My cache of gear has been pulled down from the tree, the contents strewn about. My sleeping bag has been torn to shreds. Nothing else is even damaged. Except—I find my dirty brown teeshirt; it has been chewed to pieces. Black Grizzly ate everything that smelled like me.

Hurriedly I pack up the remains of my camp, throw it in the backpack and start down the ridge. Through the glasses, I scan the timber just below the basin and catch a flash of black: the Black Grizzly is on his day bed. He is so arrogant he doesn't even bother hiding in the timber like other bears. I can see half of his enormous body stretched out in the sun.

I approach my observation post with apprehension. Two of my one-gallon water canteens lie on the ground destroyed by gnawing canine teeth. The camera and the tripod are knocked over. The foam sound-blimp has been chewed off the old Bolex which, outside of a few canine dents, is undamaged.

I stuff the pack full of my damaged goods, trembling slightly out of mixed rage and fear. I load up, still shaking, though not like the night before. I walk the ridge to the spot directly over the Black Grizzly's day bed. I pry loose the biggest boulder I can find and roll it down the slope crashing into the timber. The great bear lifts his head and looks up at me. A piercing cry shatters the silence as I roar at him. The huge grizzly yawns; his head disappears again in the thick fir. I turn and slip on down the ridge leaving the bear and the mountains behind.

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

This appealing photograph of the author was taken about 1929 after her graduation from the eighth grade of the old Taos Elementary School. A newcomer to the American West, Eya Fechin found that her life in Taos resembled the life she had left behind in Russia.

Teenage Memories of Taos

Artist's daughter recollects the "real" America

by Eya Fechin

Eya Fechin is the daughter of the late Nicolai Fechin, renowned Russian-born artist who settled in Taos, New Mexico, in the 1920s. (See George Schriever, "Nicolai Fechin: Russian Artist in the American West," AMERICAN WEST, May/June 1982.) She reminisces here about her teen years in Taos, mentioning some of the famous people who were part of the Taos art colony at that time.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LIFE THAT OCCURRED FOR our family when we came from Russia in 1923 to live in New York City was startling, indeed. People expected us to be startled, also, when we first saw the American Southwest. Oddly enough it was, instead, like going back home. I was twelve years old on our first summer visit to Taos in 1926 and thirteen when we moved to New Mexico to live.

First contact with the Southwest came through the English

COURTESY BEINECKE RARE BOOK AND MANUSCRIPT LIBRARY, YALE UNIVERSITY

Mable Dodge and her husband Tony Luhan are pictured in their Taos home where she gathered artistic and literary greats for a celebration of Indian life at Taos. (Opposite) This photograph of Nicolai Fechin was taken in Taos by his daughter, Eya, during the period 1929–1933 when Fechin painted some of his most dramatic works.

artist Jack Young-Hunter and his wife Eve. At the time, they still maintained a studio in New York, but eventually moved altogether into their home in Taos. My father liked the quiet, courteous, sensitive Englishman and listened to him as he expounded on the magic of the "Real America." I listened on the sidelines and wondered about the beautiful, "real" Indian land that we had to see.

The first American Indian I ever saw was Tony Luhan (husband of Mabel Dodge Luhan) in the Young-Hunter studio in New York. He came to a party the Young-Hunters gave for children. The winter was cold, and Tony walked in dressed in a black topcoat with velvet lapels, his long hair neatly bound with ribbon (Taos style) hanging down from under a black hat and, incredibly, spats on his shoes. He changed clothes and there he was, beating on a drum, a striped blanket around him, moccasins on his feet, singing Taos Indian songs. He was so still and silent—even his songs were still and silent. He was like a piece of a mountain come to life. I was smitten.

The Young-Hunters arranged to have us use one of Mabel Luhan's guest houses for the summer, and off we went to see the "real" America.

We arrived by rail in Lamy, an unprepossessing smudge on the endless landscape some twenty miles out of beautiful Santa Fe. From there we traveled on a tiny narrow-gauge train that crept along the Rio Grande gorge to Embudo and thence cut north toward Colorado. Unfortunately this narrow-gauge delight no longer exists, since the rails were torn up many years ago and the iron sent to Japan. The Embudo station was much more picturesque than Lamy—with its bridge across the river and its rustic group of buildings inside the walls of the dramatic canyon. The little train chugged along so slowly you could actually get out, walk alongside, and hop on again.

In Embudo there was a car waiting for travelers to Taos—a big, black Ford with the outstanding Western character, John Dunn, at the wheel. Long John was, to me, immensely tall and skinny. He talked caustically through his nose, and you were more concerned with John's good opinion of you rather than the fright of the drive up the canyon. The old road was very narrow, with hardly any place for passing another vehicle, but fortunately there was almost no traffic in those days. The road twisted up the sheer wall of the canyon, and just when you gave up the idea of living through the drive, out you emerged to have the first view of the Taos plateau surrounded by its ring of blue mountains. More than fifty years later, I am still thrilled by that first glimpse of Taos as you drive up from the canyon. It is another world, another dimension. So this was the "real" America. Would the people be "real" also?

John Dunn bears mention here, since he was among the first real "Western" characters we saw. He was born in Victoria, Texas, in 1857 and died at home in Taos in 1953. He saw many States and first came to Taos in 1889, after an adventurous period in a gold-mining village, Elizabethtown (New Mexico) near Red River, where he ran a saloon and did very well with gambling. A young Eastern physician, Doc Martin, also was there patching up bullet holes. The two men became close friends, and both moved to Taos.

Long John found the Taos community with no public transportation and set up a livery business carrying passengers into Taos from 1902 to 1928 and U.S. mail from 1906 to 1938. Much of the mail was for artists—paints, brushes, canvases, frames, coming from Chicago, Boston, and New York. He became friends with many of the famous "special" people (including Mabel Luhan) and claimed that the artists were the easiest people to get along with, never complaining about hazardous travel. (Read the book *Long John Dunn of Taos* by Max Evans, 1959.) John Dunn owned the first car in Taos. He was in control of all gambling in northern New Mexico, and no one in his care was ever robbed, killed, or injured.

That first summer went all too fast. We became acquainted with Mabel Luhan and all her guests. We saw quite a lot of the Young-Hunters who, at that time, did not have their own

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COURTESY BEINECKE RARE BOOK AND MANUSCRIPT LIBRARY, YALE UNIVERSITY

home and lived in another guest house near us. There was a parade of visitors coming through Mabel's houses, all "famous" and all "special." I was used to seeing such people around my father; so this was a familiar scene for me—just many times multiplied and in a wonderful mountain setting where the air was so clear that everyone's foibles or beauty, cruel gossip and back-biting, as well as radiant originality stood out vividly. There were the Hispanics, staying in their own culture—the Indians, distinctly in their own community—and the Anglo-American rugged individuals, the original Hippies, who lived as they chose and dressed to suit their style, but never in groups, with no community feeling.

IT WAS SO LONG AGO—THE MEMORIES ARE LIKE CLIPS from a movie—pictures that impressed themselves upon young eyes, or mind, or heart. My greatest delight was being allowed to learn horseback riding with the Indians. I rode with them, on their horses, all over the reservation. I was given freshly baked bread and pies right out of the outdoor ovens, I saw their ceremonial dances, and I felt part of a wonderful, all-encompassing nature song.

One special occasion continues to live with me. It was a quiet evening, and the young Indian girl who worked for my mother at the time asked if I could go with her and her husband to the pueblo for a while, as there was a dance going on. I was allowed to go, and we drove to the village in their truck. They parked at a discreet distance from the central plaza, and we walked in. It was already dark; there were no lights at all, anywhere. In the open area in front of the walled-in churchyard a large group was doing a circle dance—a friendship dance—a peace-evoking dance. The singers and drummers were in the center of the big circle, singing and drumming gently, with the circle moving clockwise, alternating men and women. The men had white sheets around their heads and bodies (as is customary in Taos in the summer), and the women had black cotton shawls about them.

I was not allowed to watch but was pushed into the circle between two white figures, and, for what seemed a long time, I danced with them. The black-and-white moving figures, the drum beat, the darkness tempered only by brilliant stars brought about a profound sense of unity with earth forces entwined with human forces, and I thought I saw the stars move in rhythm and the earth breathe and turn underfoot.

Yes, it was a homecoming. The Indians were very much like the Tartars in our birth town of Kazan. There, too, we lived out in the country and had to travel by a small train to

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Friends who sometimes feuded, these three ladies played important roles in the social and artistic life of Taos. Pictured in an exuberant mood at San Cristobal Ranch are Mabel Dodge Luhan, Frieda Lawrence, and Dorothy Brett. At right is an example of wood carving by Eya Fechin, done under the tutelage of her father, when she was a teenager in Taos.

town. There were no mountains, canyons, deserts; instead, there were forests and the enormous Volga River possessing the land. The experience of the immensity of nature was there, in both places.

Perhaps, somehow, to prove the inner relatedness of these far corners of the earth, we met the Taos medicine man, Dr. Bird. He was blind and led around by a young grandson, and when he was introduced to my father, Fechin instantly asked that he pose for him—a forbidden thing for Indian elders. There occurred a conversation in Russian between my parents about how to persuade the medicine man to pose. Several other people were present (I don't remember who they were) and trilingual words went around. Suddenly the old man asked what language we were speaking and was told it was Russian. After a deep silence, the elder stated that it sounded close to his own (Tewa) and that therefore it was safe to pose. This unexplainable incident made a deep impression on me, and thereafter the meetings with the "famous" and the "special" somehow paled in comparison.

That first summer, too, we met the Colliers, an extraordinary family who certainly stay in the heart, especially the youngest son, John Jr., about my age. He is still a dear friend, and our lives and work oddly parallel each other. John Collier, Sr., was a famous Commissioner of Indian Affairs who wrote fine books and was greatly respected. And there was Becky Strand with her famous husband Paul Strand, photographer. She became a good friend and returned to Taos, later, to marry Bill James (Denver banker and cattle rancher). Becky was a strikingly beautiful woman with prematurely white hair. I can still see her walking around with Georgia O'Keeffe, both starkly dressed, hair pulled back tightly, one head white, the other dark, like sisters in a stylized bas-relief.

Becky was a very special person indeed. She was born in London, the daughter of Nate Salsbury who financed Buffalo Bill and managed his Wild West shows. She won national honors with her brush and needle, painting exquisitely on glass and using the New Mexican Spanish-Colonial *colcha* stitch in elegant embroidery. She was much involved with the frontier types—the cowboys, gamblers, cattle rustlers, makers and sellers of the famous "Taos Lightning" whiskey. Her honesty and beauty are to be remembered. She befriended my mother, Alexandra, and gave her the nickname of "Tinka" by which she was known from then on. But Becky was, also, one of the few people who was truly an understanding friend of Fechin's and remained my friend to the end. The last time I saw her, I took my daughter to meet this outstanding lady, and by then Becky had become a recluse. She was badly crippled by arthritis, feeling the world had deserted her. Very self-conscious of her appearance she did not want people to see her in her tortured state. She was still beautiful as she greeted us at the door, walking with painful dignity. She sat at a small card table by the fireplace; just above her, hung the lovely portrait Fechin had made so many years before. Pointing to it, she said, "There is the real me!"

Georgia O'Keeffe I saw seldom. Besides the image left with me of Becky and Georgia as representative of the "new woman," I remember another impression at Frieda Lawrence's house. Several of the prominent ladies of Taos were there, but Georgia was the guest of honor. She sat alone atop a "Taos bed" (a large divan covered with rugs and colorful pillows) in black clothes, her feet tucked under her, her manner that of a gracious empress. All the rest of the women, including Frieda, looked like happy robins, chatting, hopping about in gay clothes, while Georgia sat very still and talked sparingly in a muted voice. She filled me with awe. I don't think I ever saw her again.

WE RETURNED TO NEW YORK FOR ONE MORE winter, and then the decision was made to put everything into storage and move to Taos. My father had a recurrence of tuberculosis, and doctors suggested he

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At left is Nicolai Fechin's oil portrait of beautiful Becky Strand James, Taos artist and good friend of the Fechins'. She remarked in later years that Fechin had indeed captured "the real me" in this striking work. Painted in Taos in 1926, Fechin's oil,* Medicine Man, *is at near right. The blind Dr. Bird broke Indian custom when he consented to pose for Fechin, saying that it was safe to pose because Fechin's Russian conversation sounded like his own Indian tongue. One of the "special" people for the author was the poet Spud Johnson, shown at far right in Fechin's handsome oil portrait done in Taos during the period 1928 to 1933.

live out of the city. This pleased him, since he never liked living in big cities. The Young-Hunters again made arrangements with Mable Luhan for a place for us to live. Taos was welcoming. We lived that summer in what is still called "Tony's" house, and Fechin worked undisturbed in a garage that had been converted into a studio. My father fully recovered after a couple of months in the mountain air. Another small studio was made available by Mabel as a classroom, because a number of Fechin's friends came to see the magic land and to study with him.

Sometime in late summer, my mother had a violent quarrel with Mabel and insisted on moving at once. She found a place that suited her, which was actually adjacent to the Luhan property in the rear, and bought it from a Dr. and Mrs. Bergmen. There was a two-story, square, stiff house, a small studio, and a little utility house. Mrs. Bergmen was Dutch, and she had made a wonderful garden that was flourishing. There were no "conveniences"—the water came from a well, and there were woodstoves and an outhouse. Again it was very similar to our Russian home. There were cats, chickens, and a pony. I was happy. What more could I want?

The studio was greatly enlarged and fixed up so that my father could paint. The following year the big house was torn apart, and the architectural wonder began, to continue being worked on until 1933.

I cannot write about myself without writing about my father. My life was built around his art, the mystery of his genius, his remarkable humility. Since my mother would not let me go to the Taos public school, I had private tutoring. This left me with ample time on my hands. My first call of duty was to pose for Fechin. This I had done since I was a small child in Russia. I never objected, and from an early age I was able to pose quietly and to be continually entranced by his style of working. With me he did not object to questions or to vast discussions about art, literature, and philosophy—"Life." It was not until many years later that I realized how much I had learned from him informally. Also, I was always sitting in a corner whenever he had classes or models, listening and observing. Why didn't I paint? Simple. When I was about four years old, I decided that if I couldn't be a greater artist than my father (which was entirely too much work!), I refused to be second rate.

Then the main house was being rebuilt, and all the wood carving was being done. I learned how to carve and made my first money selling small carved objects in a curio store. I was fascinated by the wood-work.

There were horses for me, and I rode almost daily by myself—on occasion with Helen Blumenshein (daughter of the artist Ernest Blumenshein). I read avidly and was allowed to buy any books I wanted. And I had the tutors. At first (and for the longest time) I had Mrs. Phillips, the wife of the artist Bert Phillips. She had been, in her youth before Taos, a school teacher, and I found her a lovely, patient, gentle woman. It was she who finally insisted that I go to the Taos Elementary School (at that time it went through the eighth grade) and get credit to graduate. This I did for a couple of months, and I enjoyed the nuns who ran the school at the time. I did get my eighth-grade diploma, in a white dress and all, from Taos.

There was a brief period when a number of artists got together in Phillips' studio to learn about dynamic symmetry and the Hambidge color system from Emil Bisttram. My father went, and I went with him. I sat by myself and listened and for some unremembered reason did pages of algebra lessons. This little group did not last long. At least my father attended for only a short time, making little drawings and

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listening to Emil, whom he liked as a person and as an artist. Of all the artists, Bisttram came to see my father most often. When I saw him coming, I would carefully leave the two men alone. Both Emil and Marion, his wife, became my special friends. I often went to see them, for it was only with them that I could, for hours, discuss my favorite subject of metaphysics.

The artists worked hard in those days and mostly kept to themselves. They did not try to "sell themselves," and were too busy to socialize much. They did not paint to impress art dealers or only for big money. They loved their work, and art was for art's sake. Occasionally there would be a party, usually at the Young-Hunters' or Mabel's, or a dinner at the Burt Harwoods' or Ernest Blumensheins' or an artist celebrating something special. The two most outgoing artists, in my eyes, were Blumenshein and Leon Gaspard. At the weekly silent movies the main part of the show was Walter Uffer and "Blumy" sitting at opposite sides of the theatre, entertaining us with a vivacious commentary throughout the movie. Gaspard was a lovable storyteller who never expected his stories to be believed, only enjoyed. He rode horseback with the mysterious Manby, and I would watch them go by with some awe—Manby on a black horse with a long rifle by the saddle, a huge police dog following. The two men seemed so incongruous together. Arthur R. Manby was an Englishman who settled in Taos, had a big house and considerable land near our place, and gained fame by being murdered. There are plays and other writings about him, but I have only the visual memory.

THE PLACE MOST OF US USED ALMOST AS A CLUB WAS the beautiful Don Fernando Hotel. It had a restaurant, curio shop, and a spacious lobby where many artists hung their paintings. Indians came to dance in front of the huge fireplace. Since very few people had bathrooms, we would rent a room for a few hours and take baths. Later this hotel burned down, and there has never been such a pleasant meeting place since. Except one—the home of Ralph Meyers who was one of the first traders with the Indians and who had a fabulous shop near the Taos plaza. For a long time people gathered in his living room, played records, danced, and talked. I remember going there often. There is still a shop there, and his living room is now a restaurant.

One of my "tutors" was Spud Johnson, a friend of many famous writers (Witter Bynner, D. H. Lawrence, and others). He taught me typing and a bit of writing. He was a fine poet and published and hand-printed a small magazine called *Laughing Horse*. He was one of the "special," and I was fond of his gentleness and human concern. He was very nice looking, and Fechin painted an elegant portrait of him. Much later, when my mother divorced Fechin she did so because of her wish to write, be on her own, and because of her interest in Spud. That relationship never developed into anything.

I could reminisce endlessly about my teen years in Taos and the variety of people who affected me. The impressions were many, beyond the scope of an article. It was mostly the mountains and the Indian mythos that always drew me back, until I returned to live in the San Cristobal area, known as the "Happy Hunting Ground."

WHEN YOU GO

Enjoying a rich cultural history Taos, New Mexico, offers works of art from architecture to handicrafts reflecting Spanish, Indian, and American influences. Numerous Taos museums and galleries feature the range of those works, especially during the annual Taos Arts Festival, held during the first week in October, when a variety of special shows and celebrations take place.

Annual exhibits of works by Nicolai Fechin are held at the Fechin Institute, the Taos home of the late Russian-born artist, restored by his daughter, Eya, author of the accompanying article. For information about exhibits and other activities, write to The Fechin Institute, Box 832, Taos, New Mexico 87571. Telephone (505) 758-1710.

At ancient Taos Pueblo, a few miles north of town, considerate visitors may attend the annual celebration of San Geronimo Feast Day, September 30, when Indians hold religious dances, foot races, and a pole climb, as well as an arts and crafts fair. (See Peter Nabokov, "Running, Power, and Secrecy at Taos," AMERICAN WEST, *September/ October 1982.) For information call Taos Pueblo (505) 758-8626.*

Sitting on a high mesa at the foot of the Sangre de Cristo mountains (on U.S. #64 and N.M. #3), beautiful Taos offers many outdoor activities, summer and winter. For information about events and accommodations, write to Taos County Chamber of Commerce, Drawer I, Taos, New Mexico 87571 or call (505) 758-3873.

The early years in Taos were a profound transition in my life—from being my mother's little girl, her possession, to becoming my father's closest friend. Some of the life experiences were very painful, and almost no one ever knew how my father or I really felt during the disagreeable times with my mother. We did not talk about ourselves. My father was a silent man, both in Russian and in English, not because there was any language barrier, and I followed suit. A friend's comment about me during those early years in Taos sums it up: "You were like a fairy princess, unapproachable, guarded by a dragon" (my mother). The pleasantest memories were of much horseback riding, much reading, and eating apples.

The Bisttrams, Eve Young-Hunter, and Becky James were among the very few who showed me sympathy and understanding. Passing through, there were extraordinary people like Ella Young, poet-writer, the "Joan of Arc of the Irish Rebellion," the most beautiful woman I ever saw. Fechin made a drawing of her and said she was the only "saint" who ever posed for him. There were, of course, Frieda Lawrence and Dorothy Brett who, with Mabel Luhan, made up a sort of holy trio, always at war over Lawrence. D. H. we never met, but Frieda (his wife) we knew well. On my twenty-first birthday, in California, she came over and gave me an autographed copy of her book *Not I but the Wind*. Some years earlier, I was there for the burial of Lawrence's ashes at their ranch in San Cristobal, a rather amazing party and memorial "service" with touching moments of pathos and a comedy of no mean proportions. As usual, Mable, Frieda, and Dorothy were warring. Mable was angry over something and would not attend the service for D. H. She also tried to persuade the Indians to stay away. Dorothy came, but she hid behind a tree. After the ceremony, there was a fiesta, with everyone eating hotdogs. Oddly, so many years later, I bought the property just below the Lawrence Ranch and now live on the same mountain with its magnificent view of the world.

When my father and I left Taos in 1933, for the first time going out into the world together, it was quite shockingly painful, with drama and comedy superimposed on the whole situation, making of it a sort of inedible layer cake dished up by self-centered people. My mother obtained the divorce in a matter of days, and we were both told to leave the "real" America. We went back to New York for the one winter and certainly that period was unreal. Then followed years of building a new life on the West coast.

On a brief visit to Taos, to pick up some of his things, my father wrote to me about the spruce trees he had brought down from the mountains and planted, himself:

> The trees provided me with great joy—they have grown so much during two years. Only they, it seems, remembered me and tried to grow for my sake.... After having been away from here, the whole Taos "aristocracy" seems fiercely egotistical. All, like small children, indulge themselves ad nauseam.

Time and time again, I returned to Taos, trying to find the "real America," and finally in 1964, I moved back permanently. Evidently, that first impression of coming home in 1926 still holds me. Three trips back to the USSR (1975, 1976, 1979) have given me even more incentive to fuse somehow the deep roots of the Kazan reality with the American reality.

Eya Fechin (Branham) *was born in 1914 in Kushnia, near Kazan, USSR (capital of the Autonomous Tartar Republic). In the United States she has been a professional teacher of "Modern" dance and a pioneer in dance therapy. Certified in Psychodrama Sociometry and Group Therapy, she is Director of the New Mexico Psychodrama Institute. In 1981 Ms. Fechin established the Fechin Institute in Taos to honor her father. She is currently restoring the Fechin house, setting up a program for the Institute, and writing.*

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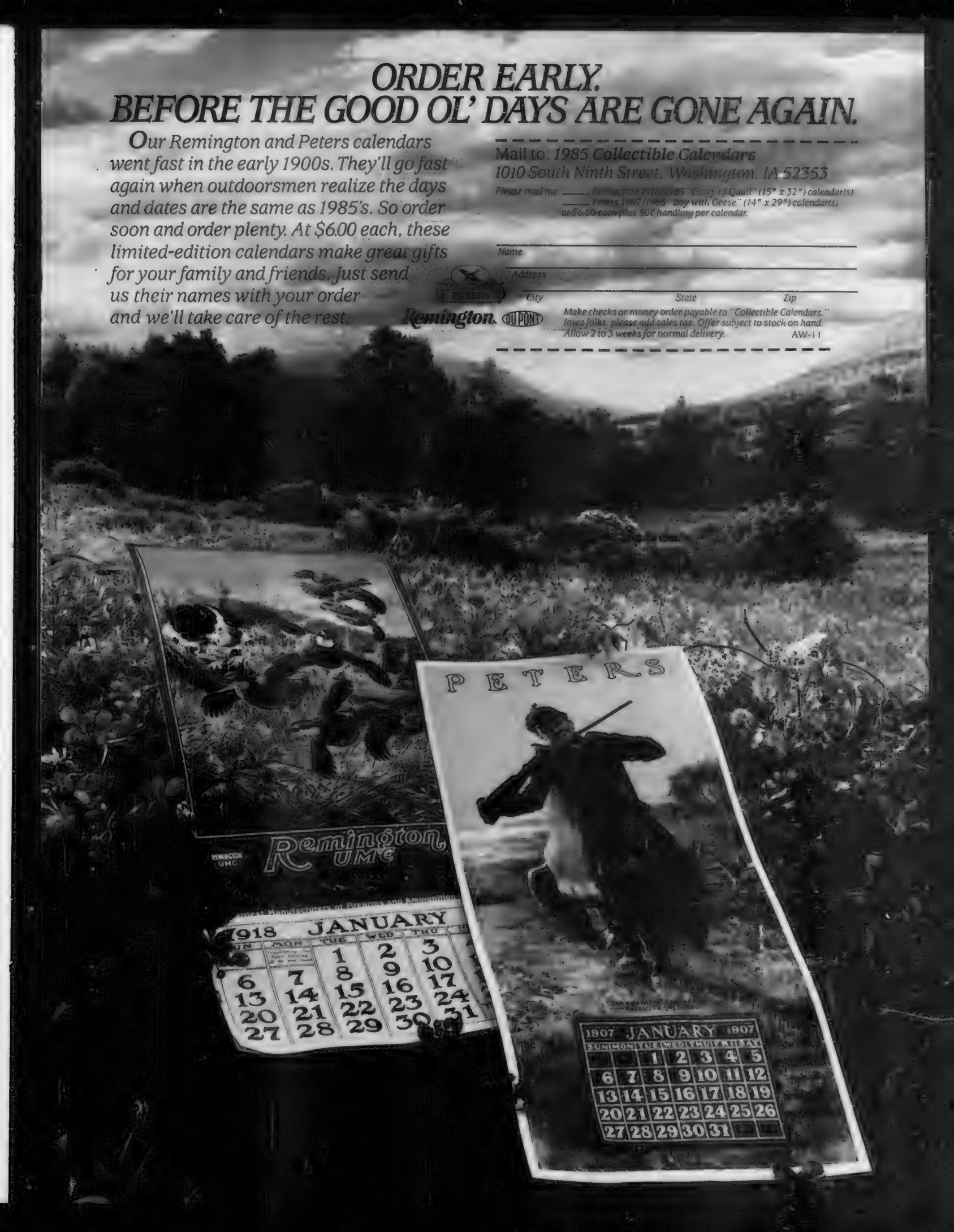
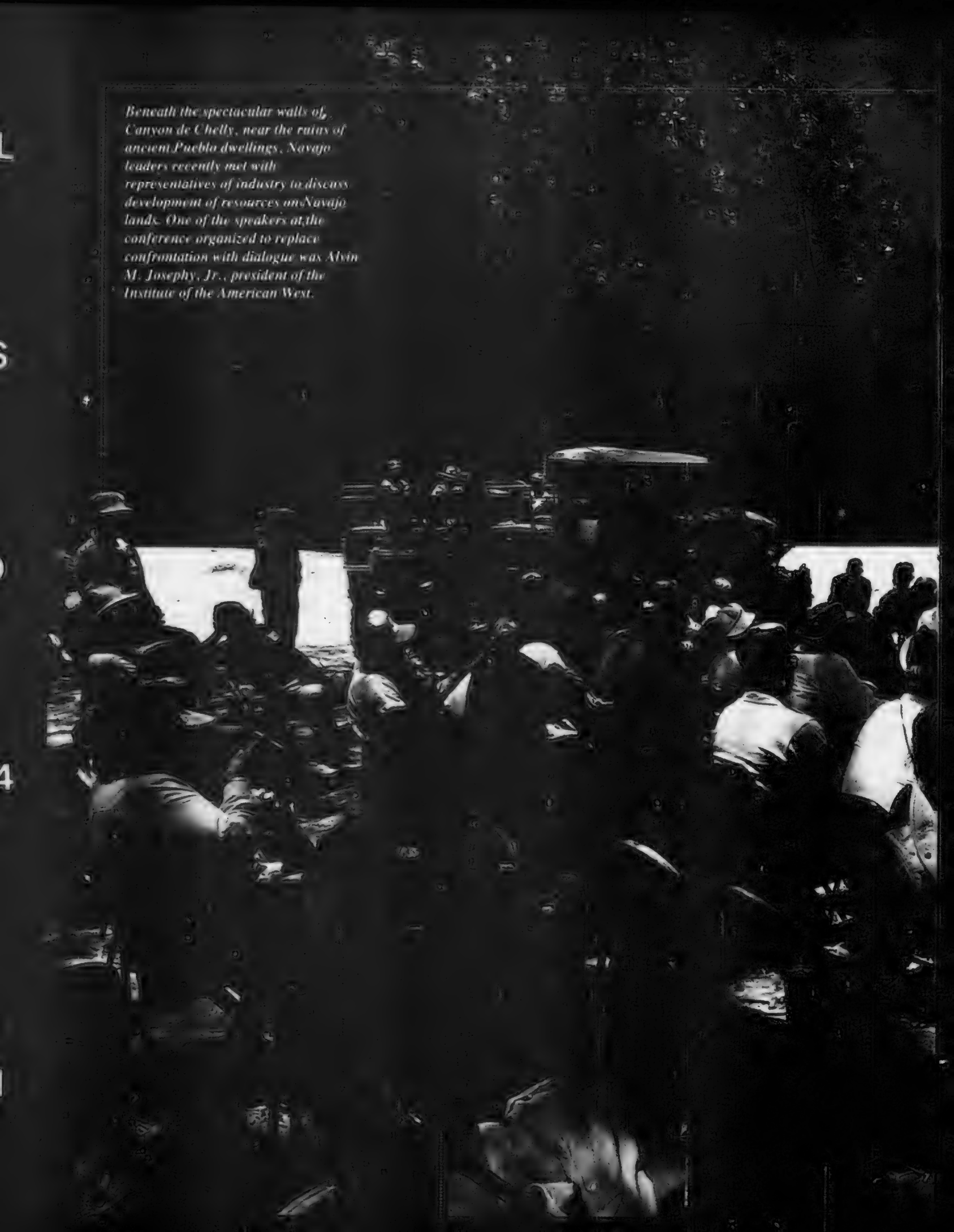




Beneath the spectacular walls of Canyon de Chelly, near the ruins of ancient Pueblo dwellings, Navajo leaders recently met with representatives of industry to discuss development of resources on Navajo lands. One of the speakers at the conference organized to replace confrontation with dialogue was Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., president of the Institute of the American West.

Summit Powwow at Canyon de Chelly

So lives will not waste away like water on sand

by Thomas W. Pew, Jr.

PHOTO BY TERRENCE MOORE

ACCORDING TO THE NAVAJO MYTH OF THE TWIN HEROES, IT was through the miraculous powers of Spider Woman that Monster Slayer and his alter ego, Child Born of Water, performed four herculean tasks that allowed them to visit their father, the Sun, and learn from him how to rid the land of the monsters who were destroying the earth people of the Fourth World.

With a charm made of the "feather of the alien gods" (feathers plucked from a living eagle and attached to a hoop) and a magic chant evoking the powers of pollen, the twin boys were able to pass rocks that crush, reeds that cut to pieces, cane cactus that tear, and boiling sands that overwhelm the traveler to reach the house of their father.

A decade ago it seemed that the Navajo of the Fourth World (our times) had positively identified some contemporary monsters who were destroying the earth. If ever the tribe was in need of the magic powers of Spider Woman, the 1960s and 1970s were those times.

The monsters appeared in that troubled period on the Reservation in the guise of giant drag lines scraping away in the belly of Black Mesa Strip Mine. They squatted in the North country belching smoke and pollution from the nostrils of the coal-burning Four Corners Power Plant. They came marching across the land as an army of spindly legged, steel, power-line towers, dragging long cables across the face of the sacred sky. They appeared on the horizon as the proboscis of giant bugs capable of penetrating to the very heart of Mother Earth in deep wells to suck out precious water through metal snouts in a land where surface and shallow sources of water are rare.

The "monsters" bore the names Southern California Edison, Utah International, Peabody Coal Company, Phelps Dodge, Arizona Public Service, to name a few, and they were united for a time in a consortium that included twenty-three major investor-owned companies, and state, municipal, and federal governments allied under the acronym W.E.S.T.—Western Energy Supply and Transmission Association. In one of those ironies that dot the history of American Indian affairs, the Interior Department, which oversees the Bureau of Indian Affairs, was also a prime member of W.E.S.T. and, through the Bureau of Reclamation, was slated to be a major customer of the electricity generated.

But before W.E.S.T. got fully airborne, it was met and defeated by a consortium of Indians, environmentalists, and eventually, we suspect (although this is generally not given much credit), by economic and public relations common sense in the board rooms and executive offices of the companies who put W.E.S.T. together in the first place.

However, even with W.E.S.T. defeated, some major energy projects were—and still are—in place. Thus the Navajo Reservation has the Four Corners Power Plant (the plume of smoke from the Four Corners Power stacks was the only man-made object visible to James Lovell and Edwin Aldrin as they orbited 170 miles above the earth on the 1966 Gemini XII trip). The 100-square-mile lease of Indian land for the Black Mesa Strip Mine is intact, and the mine moves ahead apace, while Indian water is pumped at a rate of thousands of gallons per minute from deep wells and mixed with strip-mined, pulverized coal for a 274-mile slurry pipeline ride to the distant Mohave power plant.

Thus even with the main body of W.E.S.T. out of commission, the Reservation had constant reminders of what might have been and, with the Federal Government's acquiescence to W.E.S.T., a sense of distrust of all future development plans for Navajo land. The feeling of confrontation fermented among the Navajo until in the late 1970s and early 1980s it reached a level that had not been felt among the Indians since Kit Carson's 1864 defeat of the Navajos in Canyon de Chelly, which culminated in their years of forced exile at Bosque Redondo, near Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

WITHOUT THIS ABBREVIATED HISTORY IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to understand how unique it was this summer when Navajo Tribal Chairman Peterson Zah and other leaders of that tribe and representatives of other energy-rich Indian tribes sat down for three days of talks with their former industrial nemeses at a symposium sponsored by Robert Redford's Institute for Resource Management (an organization put together by the actor and dedicated to getting Westerners who ordinarily limit their association to knocking heads together over land, energy, and environment to talk).

"Former nemeses," we say here, because, aside from some residual put-downs on both sides (the Indians pointing out that they don't have to close themselves up in a building to be in church, the executives wondering aloud how the Indians ever expect to run things right when the new Navajo Community College where we were billeted for the meeting is already crumbling), there wasn't a single Indian spokesman who was antidevelopment or an industrialist who had the old attitude that the future was going to be business as usual, with the Indians getting the short end of the stick.

The location of the meeting helped, opening with a day in Canyon de Chelly, 120 years after Kit Carson invaded the last Navajo stronghold, and on the day of the summer solstice. The white brothers might not have been aware of the conjunction, but did the Navajos not know?

As cotton from cottonwood trees drifted up canyon, blowing on the wind between red sandstone cliffs, while water of Canyon-de-Chelly wash flashed and flowed downstream in the sun, a listening attitude emerged on both sides.

The Navajo, for their part, made it clear that they are ready to develop but on terms competitive with the world off the reservation. No more fifteen-cent-a-ton coal, no more sixty-seven-cent-per-acre-foot water deals of the past. And, in addition, since they are a sovereign government, they have, and intend to use, the right of taxation. On this last there was a squirm from the industry side of the bench, and later Howard Allen, president of the Southern California Edison Company, urged the Navajo in their own interest "not to try and change the world" with a couple of coal contracts.

But Zah said he was out to change "unconscionable leases" where the tribe gives up sixty-seven million dollars in state taxes, while the total royalties it receives from Indian coal amount only to thirty million. "Giving up more in taxes than we get in revenue from our resources has to be looked at from

PHOTO BY TERRENCE MOORE

(Above) ***A park ranger points out a scenic feature in Canyon de Chelly to Robert Redford, whose Institute for Resource Management sponsored the symposium to discuss resource development on Indian lands. At left is the actor's daughter Shauna. To the right of Redford is Mrs. Rosalind Zah; at far right is Peterson Zah, Chairman of the Navajo Nation.***

(Right) ***Chairman Zah shows off a charming new member of his Nation. The future of that generation was the central issue underlying the meeting.***

PHOTO BY TERRENCE MOORE

our point of view," he added. "It's in your and our best interest to go to the table and work these things out."

And if the table was the sand floor of Canyon de Chelly and the medium for communication was the air filled with drifting cotton, punctuated occasionally by the sharp trill of the canyon wren, then the right atmosphere was set for seeing that the man on the other side was that—a man—and not a monster after all.

If the Indians see any "monsters" left in the machinery of industry, they go back to their basic, religious sense of the earth as their Mother, and that is the most difficult issue of all to deal with. Zah put it in particularly poignant terms:

> The earth is our Mother. When we talk about development of our land which involves mining, we ask ourselves: "How can we take from her face? How can we squeeze out what we want for money? For other people's use and other people's energy? Can we do this much to our Mother?"

WHEN ZAH LEFT THE ASSEMBLED GROUP OF INDIANS, government people, and industrialists—who certainly can't answer such a Navajo question—with that delicate question hanging in the air along with the cotton, the bird calls, and silence between the red sandstone cliffs, it seemed the whole meeting hung in the balance. Ahead was a kind of holy-land religious confrontation. Who would answer?

Majestic Spider Rock cast its spell over one of the recent discussions of Navajo land resources. Rising 800 feet above the canyon floor at the conjunction of Canyon De Chelly and Monument Canyon, this double spire of red sandstone represents about 230 million years of rock history. Legend has it that the taller spire is the home of Spider Woman, an important figure in Navajo mythology.

Annie Wauneka. The woman who brought much of modern medicine to her people would answer. The woman who knows and believes in the old ways but understands the plight of standing still in a changing world would answer. And when she did, she said:

> Let's do it together. Let's develop for our children, but let's not forget that this is our Mother. There are precious things inside here. It's got to go out. Our new Indian friends, our non-Indian friends have the knowledge. . . .

Then with a sudden, unexpected flash of Indian humor she confessed, "If we were doing it ourselves maybe we wouldn't argue so much."

In the days that followed, Annie Wauneka spoke again, and the theme was always the same. The risks of development are high. The Navajos' survival as a tribe is at stake, and energy development may be the only path open. If ever the Indians were caught between "rocks that crush," that place is where Indian land is developed and its resources exported or burned for energy. If Navajos don't take the path of development, Annie Wauneka warned, the lives of Indian children may pass "like pouring a bucket of water upon the sand."

If the Navajos got any practical message from the three days of meetings other than the old one that they must bargain hard in the white business world to get what they want, it was that when development of their nonrenewable resources begins, on that day they must plan for it to end. Charles Kittrell, executive vice-president from Phillips Petroleum said:

> These people are competing around the world. They're competing with the North Sea. They're competing with the Arabs. They're competing with all energy sources. Detroit sure learned that lesson, and it hasn't been an easy one. We're extracting a nonrenewable resource here. On the day we come in, they should prepare for our departure.

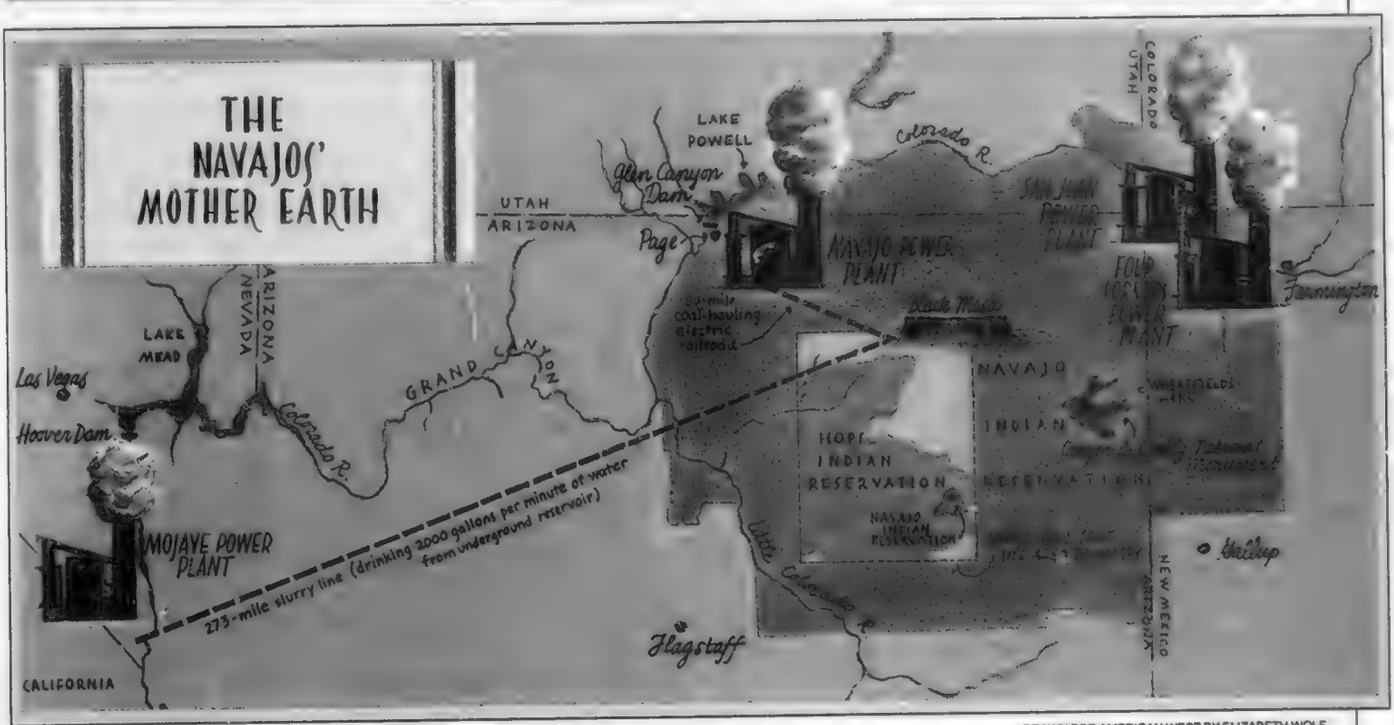
If the industrialists got any practical message from the three days of meetings, it was expressed by John Echohawk, executive director of the Native American Rights Fund: "We're here to stay, we aren't going to disappear, we aren't going to go away."

WHEN YOU GO

Canyon De Chelly National Monument is in northeastern Arizona near the town of Chinle in the Navajo Indian Reservation. Included in the Monument are three spectacular canyons: Canyon De Chelly, Canyon del Muerto, and Monument Canyon. Travel within the canyons is allowed only with a park ranger or authorized guide. But the drive along the south rim of Canyon de Chelly is almost always passable for automobiles, providing five scenic overlook points for viewing spectacular rock formations and ruins of ancient Pueblo dwellings. Visitors are instructed not to remove any objects from the Monument and to respect the privacy of the Navajos by not entering their hogans or taking their photograph without permission.

Canyon de Chelly National Monument can be reached by driving south from US 160 on US 191 about 65 miles to Chinle, or by driving north on US 191 from state highway 264 for about 32 miles.

Accommodations are available by reservation at Thunderbird Lodge, Chinle, Arizona 86503. For information about visiting the Monument, write to The Superintendent, Canyon de Chelly National Monument, Box 588, Chinle, Arizona 86503.



DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY ELIZABETH WOLF

Standing on the shore of Wheatfield Lake the last night of the meetings, surrounded by the crowd of industry people and non-Navajo Indians, Peterson Zah looked weary. Nearby his wife, Rosalind Zah, sat fishing the familiar waters where she said they like to come to be alone. I suggested to the Tribal Chairman that he looked like a man who would feel better when we were all gone. With just a touch of tired exasperation in his voice, he answered, "How did you guess?" In a final awkward moment to bridge some kind of gap—after all that's what Redford had brought everybody together for—I tried to say something about how much everyone in this country had given up when he left his own lands in Europe, even though most of that was forgotten. Zah looked at me again, the westering sun hitting the side of his smooth face, and answered: "We know we will have to change, that the old ways will change. We will have to give up something. But we want to be the ones to decide what."

It was really what we had all gone there to talk about.

PHOTO BY TERRENCE MOORE

Robert Redford goes to bat for idealism

We've left Robert Redford out of the main story and put him over here, in what the magazine business calls a "sidebar," because that's the way he wants it. Redford wants to do something about the issues of "energy, changing times, and people" in the West, but he's more than a little wary of how Robert Redford the star, Robert Redford the intensely private person might get entangled in the issues and draw attention from the questions he would like fellow-Westerners to focus on at the very moment he's trying to fine-tune that focus.

That's the reason he established the Institute for Resource Management (the organizer, in conjunction with Peterson Zah and the Navajo Nation, of the meeting reported here) to be a catalyst for getting people who are ordinarily at loggerheads to sit down and talk and to find the "connecting points where issues can move forward."

But why, as Arizona Congressman Morris Udall described him at the meeting, does a "rich and famous man like Robert Redford, who could do anything he wants with his money," choose to spend that and his time pursuing such goals?

"I'm basically an idealist," Redford answered in a fast-paced, freewheeling interview that ran the gamut from land use to baseball-batting tips for this editor's two little-league players, "and I'd like to do something that fills a need for a missing mechanism in the West for getting people together." And did this meeting of industrialists and Indians fulfill Redford's goals?

> The conference is a little bit like a Chinese meal [Redford said candidly], but what we're trying to accomplish here is to show that there is a broader picture than the immediate issue of energy. There is a religious and cultural picture. There's a need to understand people. Understanding leads to change. Having this meeting now may be too late. There's two hundred years of inertia out here on the Reservation.

Like many of the non-Indian participants at the meeting, Redford admitted:

> There's only so much mea culpa I can accept. After all, I am not to blame. I can't deal with the Indian past. I can only do something now. I'm not an Indian. I can't wear beads and moccasins. Human development is what I'm committed to. We have to do something to bring people together.

In the end, learning that this writer had to get on the road to make a little-league baseball game at the other end of Arizona, Redford jumped up and offered an abbreviated batting practice that he insisted I pass on to my son. "Really," he said, "this is as important as anything. Tell your boy to keep some of his weight forward, on the forward foot, so he will be ready to hit the ball—and put that in your article too."

I gave my boy the advice, and first time at bat he hit a triple. That's about how we'd judge Redford's batting average on the Indian reservation—pretty good after two hundred years of inertia, but we'd guess that Redford the idealist is still going for the home run. Roy Hobbs would.

The Great Hanging at Gainesville, October 1862

Friend against friend in a divided Texas town

by L. D. Clark

DURING THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 30, 1862, SMALL DETACHments of Texas militia quietly left the town of Gainesville and fanned out through Cooke County to lie in wait near the homes of suspected Union loyalists. At daybreak they took a number of men into custody, marched them into town, and locked them up in a vacant building. This was the start of the Great Hanging, a three-week reign of terror during which Confederate extremists seized more than 150 Unionists, tried them in a "citizens' court," and lynched over forty of them.

Given the deep division of loyalties among the inhabitants of this region, some such eruption was inevitable. With a terrain more adaptable to family farms than any other use, the Red River counties of Texas had been settled in the 1850s largely by small landholders from Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, most of whom had strong Union sympathies. My great-grandfather Nathaniel Miles Clark was one of them, and he was also among those who died in the purge of 1862. In the river bottoms, the only area suitable for the purpose, a few slaveholders had established plantations, men who came to wield an influence far out of proportion to their numbers. When the river counties rejected secession by a two-to-one majority, while Texas as a whole approved it by an even greater margin, the planters who became Confederate leaders must have anticipated that along Red River a strong hand might be necessary to quell opposition to the Southern cause.

Still, no protest came to the surface until the spring of 1862, when a series of events began to unfold leading to the dramatic suppression in October of that year. The Confederate congress passed a military conscription act with an exemption for the bigger slaveholders. A petition for repeal of this privilege, signed by Nathaniel Miles Clark and numerous others, was submitted in vain to the Confederate lawmakers. Out of this dissent grew a secret order called the Union League, which spread rapidly through the Red River region. Members took an oath to resist the Confederacy, to promote restoration of the Union, to come to each other's aid when trouble arose. The League also established communications with the Union army, in order to prove their continuing loyalty to the Constitution and to volunteer assistance in the event of a Union invasion.

That such an order could remain secret for long was not likely. Its exposure began one evening in early September in a Gainesville saloon when Ephraim Childs, drinking with J. B. McCurley, openly invited him to join the League. He recommended his brother, Dr. Henry Childs, as the man to administer the oath, urging McCurley to see him at once so as to be in on a bold undertaking the League now proposed: the capture of Confederate arms stored nearby and a general uprising against the "damned rebel rascals." Leaving Ephraim Childs with the assurance that he would return to hear more of this, McCurley went straight to the Confederate military. Unfortunately, General William Hudson, commander of the district and a moderate man, was absent from Gainesville at the time. The officer who directed action on McCurley's report was Colonel James Bourland, a ruthless Confederate partisan with a paranoid fear of Union sympathizers. He persuaded McCurley to infiltrate the order and spy out all he could. Though McCurley declined when Henry Childs came to the point of offering him full initiation, he did find out about the most alarming of the League's operations—not the arms raid, which had already been postponed indefinitely, but the funneling of intelligence to the Union Army.

For a bolder informant, Bourland selected Colonel Newton Chance, a curious choice since his strong Southern convictions were well known. But so confident was the League now becoming that Chance had only to pretend disaffection for Henry Childs to swear him in and reveal fully the secrets of the order, including the names of key members.

This was all Bourland needed to begin his crackdown early

in the morning of October 1. Most of the men seized surrendered peaceably, unaware of the extent of the arrests and believing the League strong enough to rescue them in short order. Some joked about the situation, even taunting their captors as they were being conducted to Gainesville. A great many did realize the seriousness of what was afoot. Doc Edmondson, warned in advance, rode a horse to death notifying all the Unionists he could reach before fleeing the area himself. O. B. Atkinson and James Davidson, surprised before daylight in the same house, dashed out with featherbeds wrapped around them as a shield from bullets and escaped in the woods. An unknown number of men, as yet unmolested, took refuge in the brakes of Red River.

Soon the town was seething with people. Every able-bodied man in the county had been ordered to hurry to Gainesville. Martial law was declared; militia units were soon on the way from two neighboring counties; and Bourland sent for reinforcements from Fort Washita and Camp Tishomingo. For no one could be sure of the League's numbers and strategy. With fears of a counterattack running high and a mob eager for wholesale lynching already gathering, Bourland acted before noon on October 1.

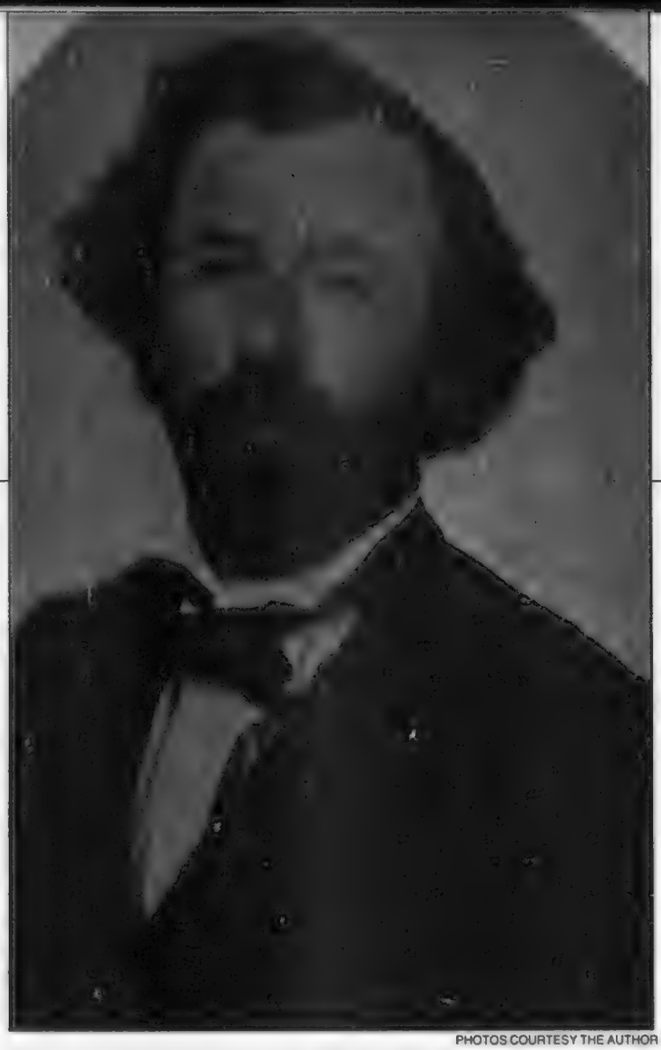
A CHURCH BELL WAS RUNG TO CALL A "CITIZENS' MEETING," which a council of prominent Confederates moved quickly to control. Colonel William Young, one of the most respected men in the county, was put forward as chairman and given absolute authority over setting up a procedure for trying the accused men. He at once appointed a committee of five and empowered them in turn to select a "jury" of twelve. By no accident seven of them turned out to be slaveholders. Unfortunately, Colonel Young was not well enough to take further part in the proceedings. With his reputation for fair-mindedness and his prestige, he might have prevented some of the bloody events that followed. By fateful coincidence, what happened to Colonel Young after he went home to his Red River plantation brought only further disaster.

The jury convened briefly that afternoon but brought no one to trial. With the coming of night, expectation of an assault by the League ran at fever pitch. Not long after dark a man on a jaded horse rode in with the first alarm. His scouting party had encountered a company of seventy or more armed men headed for Gainesville under the command of Captain Garrison, a notorious Unionist. For all anyone knew, several such forces might be converging on the scene. With a double ring of sentries on a wide perimeter around the town, Bourland marshalled his troops into battle order and awaited the worst.

He need not have taken precautions on such a large scale. With its ranks reduced and demoralization already setting in, the League was far from being able to muster enough men to challenge the Confederates holding the town. On discovering the odds they faced, Garrison's band dispersed outside the circle of guards without firing a shot. In the only other known attempt to organize a rescue mission, twenty-seven men met deep in the woods, only to be informed by a spy who had slipped out of Gainesville of the overwhelming strength of their enemy. From now on among Union loyalists who managed to remain at large, it was every man for himself, while all captives were at the mercy of the kangaroo court.

On October 2 the trials began. Dr. Thomas Barrett, who had reluctantly agreed to serve on the jury, was much disturbed when the body adopted the rule of passing sentence by majority vote—which of course kept the slaveholders firmly in control. A separate "examining committee" of four men was set up to question the defendants for the benefit of the jury, whose "president" functioned also as judge. The men under prosecution were not represented by counsel. The first man brought to trial was Henry Childs, charged with "conspiracy and insurrection." The chief witness against him was Colonel Newton Chance, who recounted on the stand what he had learned when Childs initiated him into the order: the terms of the oath, the delay of the arms raid, the offer to join an invading Union army. The jury was not interested in the delays and contingencies. They took it for granted against substantial evidence that the League's plans had been interrupted at the very moment of embarking on a murderous rampage through the community; thus, membership itself was assumed as enough to justify the death penalty. Following brief testimony by one other witness besides Chance, Henry Childs was condemned to hang. Shortly afterwards Ephraim Childs received the same sentence, and their execution was ordered for the afternoon of October 4.

On that day, under heavy guard in the midst of a slow-moving crowd, the Childs brothers were driven in an open carriage to a giant elm tree on the banks of Pecan Creek at the east edge of Gainesville. Alexander Boutwell, a former sheriff of the county, adjusted the rope around the neck of Henry Childs, who stood with hands tied behind him at the tailgate of the carriage. The immense gathering fell utterly silent. At a signal the driver sent the horses lunging forward and left the victim sus-



When this photograph was taken in 1860, Nathaniel Miles Clark was two years away from brutal death at the hands of friends and neighbors in Cooke County, Texas. His widow, Mahuldah Hicklin Clark, lived on until 1883.

PHOTOS COURTESY THE AUTHOR

pended in the air. Such a slight fall was not likely to snap the neck, so that Henry Childs, like his brother a few minutes later and most of the forty others in the days ahead, probably dangled until he died of strangulation.

During the next few days five more men suffered the same fate, on the same tree. Finally, when an eighth man was condemned on slight evidence, Barrett and another juror rebelled. Why go through the motions? Since the majority of the panel was determined to put to death every man examined, why not simply let the mob take the prisoners and make short work of it all? Only by a tearful appeal for reason and a threat to resign could Barrett persuade the panel to adopt a two-thirds rule—not a big concession, to be sure, but the shift of one vote was enough to break the absolute grip of the slavocrats on the decisions.

In fact all the hearings then took the opposite course. Starting with a reversal of judgment on the eighth man, every defendant arraigned was set free, through several days of trials, even though rabid Confederates threatened Barrett's life and the mob twice came to the verge of storming the prison to massacre everyone in it. Just to keep in practice they lynched a man waiting in jail to be tried for horse-thievery.

BY SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, WITH STILL ONLY SEVEN MEN executed, the thirst for Union blood appeared to be diminishing. Several companies of troops had already been withdrawn, and the mob was no longer so clamorous. That day the moderates on the panel took a wise step that for the moment promised to end the butchery. They gathered enough support to pass a resolution declaring all those still under investigation innocent except for a few to be sent to military headquarters for possible court martial. Further, in order to give the mob-fever time to abate, they voted to adjourn until Saturday, October 18, and to keep their resolution secret until they reconvened.

Only then did the true objective of the whole operation emerge: that influential Confederates led by Colonel Bourland meant to wipe out all the Unionists they could by any means available. Some member of the jury leaked the secret resolution to the mob, and at the moment of adjournment two of the leaders appeared in the room demanding twenty prisoners for immediate execution, or else the mob would clear the prison, which would mean the lynching of maybe a hundred men. The panel saw no choice but to submit. Even Barrett was silenced. One of the clerks handed the chief mob leader a list of the pris-

James Lemuel Clark, eldest son of Nathaniel, vowed vengeance for his father's death. James is shown in happier times in 1925 with two of his grandchildren, Iva Nettie Clark and L. D. Clark, author of this account.

oners. He checked off the names not of twenty but of fourteen men, who were delivered to him without protest. No one could now deny that the military, which had maintained a pretense of keeping the mob in check while the jury deliberated "justice," would make use of the mob when it could no longer depend on the "court" to carry out the purge. Barrett became gloomily aware of the whole murderous sham when for the next two days, October 12 and 13, he sat on a porch facing the courthouse square and watched the mob, protected by squads of soldiers, escort the fourteen victims to the hanging tree. One of these men was Nathaniel Miles Clark, who was murdered on October 13.

The episode might well have ended here, as Barrett expected it would, with the liberation of all the remaining prisoners on the following Saturday. But then another tragedy occurred that revived the violence in all its original madness. James Dixon and two friends were deer hunting in the Red River bottom, whose brakes served as a hideout for deserters and outlaws and just now for fugitive members of the Union League. As the three men entered a thicket, all at once gunfire erupted, and Dixon dropped from his saddle. His companions escaped and hurried for help to Colonel William Young's plantation. Soon two rescue parties were on their way to the spot where Dixon had fallen, unsure whether he was dead or alive. One of the parties found him dead. The other, led by Colonel Young, still in search of the spot, came upon a band of men they mistook for the other search party. Riding forward unsuspecting, Colonel Young was shot from his horse. His assailants disappeared in the brush. He died within an hour.

Reaction to the murder of Colonel Young was predictable. Confederate partisans simply took it for granted that League members in hiding had killed him. Now the men they still held, according to the logic of their persecutors, could justly be treated as accessories to murder. Many of the mob saw no reason for a trial at all, but Bourland and his allies knew that they had only to wait for the jury to reconvene to restore a shadow of legality to their vengeance.

Barrett received another of several shocks when he arrived in the jury room that Saturday morning. Two jurors who had stood with him in opposing the hangings failed to appear, leaving only three moderates on the panel. This was a great opportunity for those who wanted as much blood as they could let. They forced the panel to accept two replacements from their own ranks and to try every defendant all over again. And so the day that was to have seen the prisoners freed saw them again on trial for their lives. Many of their families had come to town expecting to rejoice over their release and had to suffer instead the appalling discovery that the men were again under the shadow of death. The handful of moderates fought hard for leniency that day and according to Barrett, they did succeed in setting free fifty or sixty men, but in spite of all they could do, a verdict of guilty was rendered against nineteen of those tried.

THE NEXT DAY, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19, SITTING ON THE same porch from which he had witnessed the death processions a week earlier, Barrett watched from morning till sundown as one by one the men went to the gallows tree. He could hear the sorrowing of the families everywhere around the square, all the more grief-stricken for the dreadful disappointment they had experienced. On this day, as on others when several men were hanged, disposal of the bodies became a problem. Years later two former slaves described how they had been forced to help deal with the problem. One drove living men in a wagon to the gallows elm and hauled back dead bodies on his return trip, either to be claimed by the families—some were too terror-stricken to do so—or else held for burial by other slaves. The second former slave told how he had assisted in tearing down an old house for lumber to make coffins, and also in digging graves, which were located on the banks of a creek where the ground was soft. When the lumber ran out, the funeral detail buried several bodies wrapped only in cloth. A long time afterwards one woman recalled that stray hogs were soon rooting into the graves and that one of the animals was seen dragging her stepfather's arm through the streets.

The Great Hanging at Gainesville subjected the region to a bloodbath for nearly three weeks. Besides the forty men officially hanged, two were shot down while attempting to escape, and others, nobody ever knew how many, were murdered when seized and never came to the attention of the court. It was just the sort of decimation of one faction by another that might have been expected to open a long feud. Curiously, except for scattered incidents, little revenge was ever exacted after the collapse of the Confederacy, even when the members of the execution panel, indicted by a grand jury, failed to be convicted—it was rumored they had bribed the trial jury and the lawyers appointed to prosecute them.

Nathaniel Miles Clark wrote a letter to his family just before he was killed, a letter that I saw as a child but that has since disappeared. One of his last requests was that none of his relatives

COURTESY THE AUTHOR

attempt to avenge his death. Nathaniel's oldest son, my grandfather James Lemuel Clark, did in spite of that injunction swear vengeance on one man—probably the one who checked his father's name on the fatal list of fourteen. One day a year or two after the war, my grandfather caught this man alone and unarmed, working at his barn. He drew a gun to shoot him, but when the man fell on his knees and begged for his life, my grandfather found that he could not shoot any man under such conditions.

This story and others circulated among the family when I was growing up until they almost achieved the status of legends. They became that even to my grandfather, to judge from the way he told them. In his old age, when he wrote several fragmentary accounts of his adventurous youth, the murder of his father figured strongly among his memories. Eventually the rewarding task of putting those accounts together and setting them in their proper time and place fell to me. The results have now been published under the title *Civil War Recollections of James Lemuel Clark*. The material the book contains on the Great Hanging, unpublished until now, may be the last in existence from anyone who lived through that awful episode.

Terrible as it was at the time, this episode may not now seem to loom large enough in history to be called "great" during a war in which many battles claimed far more lives. But a purge always seems more outrageous than a campaign. And besides, it was not the number who perished in the Great Hanging that made it so memorable but the specific circumstances and the proportions within the tragedy itself. A limited outburst of the same savagery that tore the whole nation apart for four years, the Great Hanging occurred on a reduction in scale that made the horror more concentrated. The splitting into factions of the people of Cooke County was all the more violent because the partisans had formerly been close neighbors. When the unavoidable clash came, one faction succeeded in isolating another and pursuing its annihilation with a single-minded ferocity that for many days turned what had been a community into a death camp.

This article is adapted from the introduction to the author's book Civil War Recollections of James Lemuel Clark, *published by Texas A&M University Press in the autumn of 1984.*

Novelist, literary critic, and professor of English at the University of Arizona, **L. D. Clark** *is author of* The Minoan Distance: The Symbolism of Travel in D. H. Lawrence *(1980) and of various works of fiction, including* Is This Naomi? and Other Stories *(1979) and* The Fifth Wind *(1981). At present he is writing a novel based on the Great Hanging.*

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Lookout *(Continued from page 17)*

Sudler, and rightly so. With a million-dollar grant from the Boettcher Foundation and the dedicated efforts of the CHS, the Georgetown Loop High Bridge has been restored. Originally built in 1884 as part of a rail line on which ore was hauled from Clear Creek Valley mines, this narrow-gauge line later became a major tourist attraction thrilling visitors with spectacular views. But in 1939, after fifty years of service, business fell off, and the Loop's tracks were dismantled. The High Bridge and the rest of the Loop are now part of a historic mining and railroad park where visitors can enjoy learning about nineteenth-century mining and railroading. For more information call Georgetown (303) 866-4596.

Sea turtles in Dallas? Unusual rocks spotted by a farmer in a gully of his milo farm last summer turned out to be very unusual, indeed. What appeared to be rocks were actually the larger bones of a cretaceous sea turtle that probably measured twelve feet across from flipper to flipper nearly seventy million years ago. About 60% of the skeleton has been recovered, and at this writing Charles Finsley, curator of earth sciences at the Dallas Museum of Natural History, feels relatively confident that they have a rare example of the extinct genus *Archelon*. Although museum teams are still digging intermittently, restoration of this monster (whose breastplate was made up of four star-shaped bones, each three feet in diameter) is underway. The Dallas Museum teams are also reconstructing the skeleton of an imperial mammoth and a forty-foot sea lizard that resembled a crocodile—both uncovered in the Dallas area.

Western dinosaurs a big hit in Japan. With a dramatic flyer reminiscent of a 1950s advertisement for a science-fiction thriller, Sankei Shimbun—one of Japan's major newspaper chains—is spreading the word about its multimillion-dollar exhibit, "The American Dinosaurs." And the Japanese public is flocking to the show with the same enthusiasm once mustered for those adventure-packed movies, this in spite of the fact that other Japanese newspapers have hosted two big dinosaur exhibits in recent years—one from China and one from Russia. The inaugural show in Nara pulled in 400,000 wide-eyed viewers.

This traveling exhibit stars a life-size mounting of an *allosaurus* provided by the Utah Museum of Natural History as well as fossils and fossil casts lent by many natural history museums in the United States and by a private collection owned by William Ogawa. The displays are accompanied by a slick, full-color catalogue of drawings, diagrams, and

COURTESY NEW ART CREATION, CALIFORNIA

photographs illustrating a text on the evolutionary development of animals and plantlife in North America during the Mesozoic period.

After traveling from Nara to Tokyo, "The American Dinosaurs" opened in Nagoya, where it will remain through November 25 for another stint on its eighteen-month tour.

Navajos vote *ha goo´ nee´* to Columbus Day. In a meeting of the Advisory Committee of the Navajo Tribal Council last summer, members voted 7 to 6 to remove Columbus Day from the roster of Navajo holidays. Duane Beyal, press officer for the Navajo Nation, points out that the abolishment of Columbus Day was not intended as a slur on Christopher Columbus; rather, the decision was motivated by more practical considerations. The holiday was just inconveniently scheduled. At the same time, some members questioned the appropriateness of honoring the man whose achievement led to the slaughter of thousands of Indians.

The Navajo people still observe most of the standard federal holidays in addition to traditional tribal celebrations and the signing of the Treaty of 1868, when their leaders made peace with the United States government.

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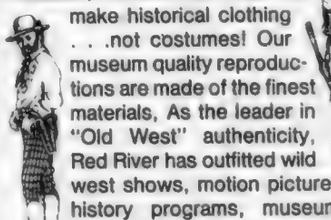

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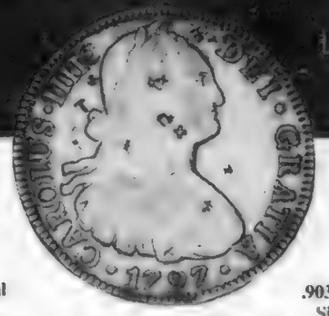

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Letters to the Editor

Route 66

Many thanks to Thomas Pew for his "Goodbye to Main Street 66" in the just received September/October issue. How it brightens and sharpens old memories of old Highway 66.

With my wife and young son in a Model A 1930 Ford Coupe we travelled many miles of the Old 66 eastward from Barstow, California, in early June of 1934—much of the distance over "improved-gravel" roads, commonly known then as dirt roads—and a speed averaging thirty-five miles per hour was "making good time." I don't recall all of the sections of paved road, but they were few and narrow and far between.

Returning to California in October of 1937, in a nearly new Ford V-8, we found roads much improved and were pleasantly surprised to find a new paved road west from Albuquerque to the New Mexico-Arizona line and we stayed overnight in the then quite new "Teepee Motel" in Holbrook, Arizona—but that is another story.

Ah yes, I remember Old 66.

C. O. Peterson
Hamilton, Montana

I just finished reading your article on Route 66. As you will note from my address I live on a small remainder of it.

I beg to differ with you. Williams is NOT the only place Ma and Pa Joad would recognize. One can get off I-40 at either end of Winslow, the Old Route 66 still goes through Winslow (one way each direction, as in Williams). Also, I think, one can get off the Interstate and follow Route 66 (or a near relative of it) outside Tucumcari, New Mexico, to Amarillo, Texas.

Let's be honest, however. Putting history and sentiment aside, Old Route 66 also had another name, BLOOD ALLEY. The road from Ash Fork to Kingman was narrow, bumpy, and very dangerous, especially with the trucks on it. When the highway speed was 75 mph in Arizona, one would end up behind semi's and not be able to pass for miles. Some, however, became impatient and did pass—on a narrow road with little or no shoulder. And some made it, but all too many crashed head on with an oncoming car. When the speed limit dropped to 55, semi's became impatient and passed. Except for the missing towns and the "Live Buffalo" signs, I personally prefer the I-40.

One last, and important note. I strongly agree with you, Highway 66 should not be lost (I just disagree that the old highway was all sweetness and beauty). I for one believe something MUST be done to restore the name "66" be it Route or Interstate 66. Thanks for a great article.

Richard L. Moore
Winslow, Arizona

I turned with special interest to your article—Farewell to Old 66, the Mother Road West. My family owned a motel on that once-busy highway for over twenty-five years in Tulsa. As a child, I remember that the "no vacancy" sign was almost always burning after 6:00 PM, and the office bustled with travelers of all kinds.

Imagine my surprise when I turned to the final paragraphs of your article and saw the picture of our own motel—the Will Rogers Motor Court. For just a moment, I was transported in time back to when I used to beg for the privilege of turning on the switch that would set those neon lights flashing and that horse to rearing.

Susan Johnson Wilson
Tucson, Arizona

Hair on ya

Jay Dusard's article on Ansel Adams (September/October) was one of the finer tributes out of the many that have been written about the master since his passing. Jay's unique gift of writing readily complements Ansel's gift of photography; he commands ink like Ansel controlled silver.

Jay is also an accomplished photographer as anyone who has seen his book *The North American Cowboy* can attest. I would like to see more of Jay's writing and photography in future issues of AMERICAN WEST. Hair on ya, Jay Dusard!

Rick Mai
Silverado, California

As always, I've read your most recent issue with pleasure. But there's one thing that puzzles me. I mean, I know I'm an *Easterner*—you know, one of those effete pointy headed intellectuals (although I think, in spite of it all, I could tell the front of a horse from the back, although not necessarily a burro from a donkey).

Anyway. After considerable contemplation . . . after long consultation with the

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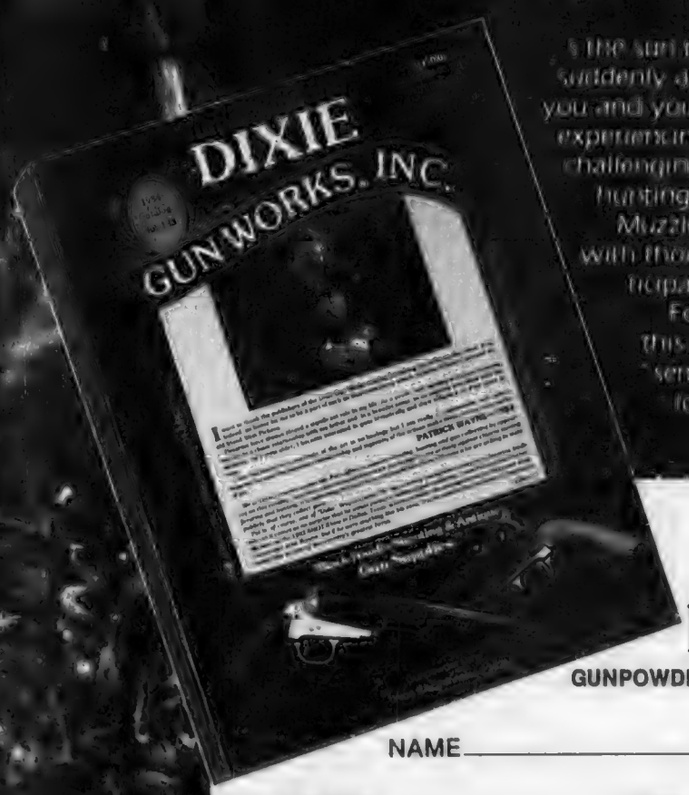

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Letters

American Heritage Dictionary . . . after still longer consultation with unabridged OED . . . just what does "Hair *on* ya" actually mean?

Michael Saltz
The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour
New York, New York

Jay Dusard, author of our tribute "Hair on ya, Ansel Adams" (September/October 1984), responds with the following.—Ed.

I've heard the cowboy compliment "Hair *on* ya" in southern Alberta; it means "good for you" or "way to go." While I haven't traced the precise roots of this expression, I'm confident that it has a lot to do with the cowboy's intrinsic admiration for wild creatures and wildness in general. Hirsute references in cow-country lingo range from the time-honored "I'm wild and woolly and full of fleas; ain't never been curried below the knees" to a puncher's brag that he "can ride anything that wears hair."

Ramon Adams, in *The Cowman Says It Salty* (University of Arizona Press, 1971), said of a hard-bucking horse, "It took a man with whiskers to ride 'im." And on his latest Columbia album, Canadian singer/song writer Ian Thyson, in his musical tribute to a real live Texas cowboy who in his late eighties still saddles up for a full-day's work, sums it all up with the words, "Hair on ya, Tom Blasingame."

Jay Dusard
Prescott, Arizona

Sod house living

My first three issues of AMERICAN WEST have been enjoyable but the last issue has a story especially interesting to me. I seem to have shared an era of plains life with Gladys Iris Crouch Clark, author of "Sod House Pioneer" in the September/October edition.

I lived on the West Texas Plains from the days of the dugouts to the luxurious houses of the cattle kings, from the open plains to the barbed wire fences, and from the herds of longhorn steers to the pure-bred Herefords.

Gave my mother the scare of her life when, I, a three-year-old, ran out to greet the Plains Indians when they rode up to the cabin. Instead of kidnapping me, as she feared, they raided the kitchen for food and went on their way. Heard my father tell stories of the long, hard days of the cattle drives, then listened to the lonely sounds of the whistles as the trains steamed across the prairie bringing progress to the cattle country. It was a challenging life always with a problem, but now

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Letters

at ninety-three I am content to read about the new West and remember the old days and reminisce a bit.

Vivian Gibson
Fresno, California

Hoover Dam

I worked for five years with Mr. Crowe, 1931-1936, and finally was Chief Engineer of Six Companies, Inc. Later I was at Shasta Dam from 1938 to March 1941 as Chief Engineer for Shasta Dam Construction for Pacific Construction Inc. with Frank Crowe as Superintendent.

I am now eighty-five years old, legally blind but able to get around well. In all, I have worked professionally for fifty years on construction of water supply projects. I believe I could be very helpful to Mr. Stevens in preparing an interesting and factual book on Hoover Dam.

Bertram W. Goodenough
Portola Valley, California

Assessing progress on the construction of Hoover Dam in September 1935 were B. W. Goodenough, engineer on the project, and M. Alan Goldthwate, vice-president of Union Oil Company.

COURTESY BERTRAM W. GOODENOUGH

Hispanic contributions

I am excited about the AMERICAN WEST magazine and look forward to the upcoming issues. I am a product of the Old West in that I was privileged to know my great grandmothers. These two women shared various stories of our ancestry centered in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado.

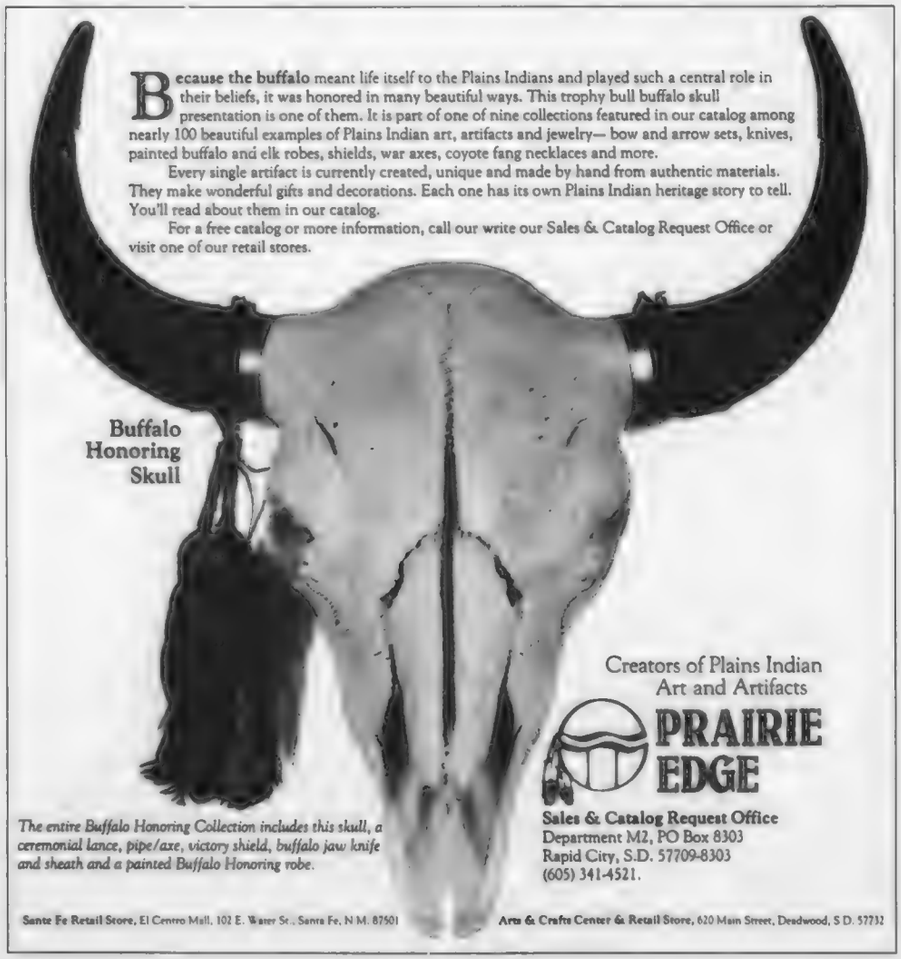
My background is Hispanic. I hope that your issues will include the contributions made by Hispanics in settling the West. All too often American historians glaze over this contribution. The West was made up of various interesting faces, each unique and part of the puzzle that built and tamed the wilderness we love.

Paul Gonzales, Secretary
Los Coyotes Council for the
Social Studies/Southern California

Steamboat Inn

Regarding the recent article entitled "Steamboat Inn on the North Umpqua" [July/August 1984], the Steamboat area is so named because it is at the confluence of Steamboat Creek with the North Umpqua River. The creek was so named because there is a large rock at the confluence that bears an

Continued on page 74


Because the buffalo meant life itself to the Plains Indians and played such a central role in their beliefs, it was honored in many beautiful ways. This trophy bull buffalo skull presentation is one of them. It is part of one of nine collections featured in our catalog among nearly 100 beautiful examples of Plains Indian art, artifacts and jewelry— bow and arrow sets, knives, painted buffalo and elk robes, shields, war axes, coyote fang necklaces and more.
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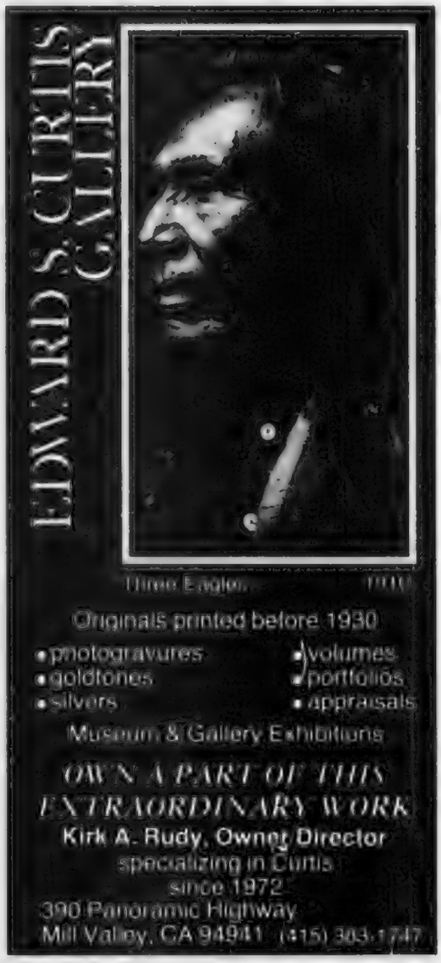

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(1843-1942)

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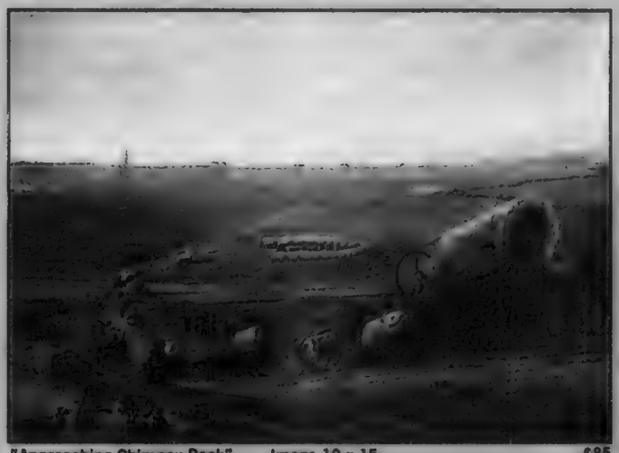

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The Oregon-California Trails Association* takes pleasure in offering commemorative prints of three of the watercolors of this perceptive artist-historian, an eye-witness to the great wagon train migration.

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"Mustang Jack" first sketched the Oregon-California Trail in 1866 while crossing the plains as a 23-year-old bullwhacker with a wagon train. *Seventy years later,* working from those 1866 sketches, he was still producing accurate and distinguished watercolors of America's Western Movement. Three of his best are presented here.

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Western Art Notes

TAOS INDIAN CHIEF BY ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN — COURTESY THE PETERS COLLECTION, SANTA FE

Masterworks of the Taos Founders

Strong features, gentle feathers, red bars, and a distant mesa stand in contrast to voluminous, light clouds in the big sky of the Land of Enchantment. *Taos Indian Chief* is one of several oils by Ernest L. Blumenschein on display in "Masterworks of the Taos Founders" at the new Museum of Art of the American West in Houston, Texas. Along with the multicultural makeup of the village of Taos, the strong sunlight and dark shadows of the Southwest provided inspiration for these forty works by Sharp, Blumenschein, Phillips, Berninghaus, Couse, Dunton, Higgins, Ufer, Hennings, and Adams—active members of the Taos Society of Artists.

With bold forms and rich color, the routines and rituals of Spaniard, Mexican, Indian, and Anglo are represented in these works. Mesas, canyons, meadowlands, and mountains around the Taos Valley provided settings for the landscapes and outdoor scenes by the Taos Ten. Lent by the Gerald Peters Collection in Santa Fe, the works in this exhibit reflect the synergism between land, peoples, and artists of the Taos colony in the early 1900s. The show will hang at MAAW through November 30. "The Power Brokers," portraits by Robert Joy of "the men and women who made Houston and the state of Texas," will be exhibited following the Taos show.

Venice: The American View, 1860–1920. The works of Sargent, Whistler, and Prendergast are featured in this American view of Venice; however, Thomas Moran, William Merritt Chase, and others will also be represented in the one hundred and twenty paintings, pastels, and etchings that can be seen at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco through January 20, 1985.

The Wolper Picassos—including *The Centaur*—will be on exhibit at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art through January 13, 1985. This group includes ceramic objects, paintings, and the largest private collection in the world of sculpture by Pablo Picasso. David Wolper, noted American film producer, is now developing a six-hour mini-series for television on the life of the great twentieth-century artist.

Hirosada: Osaka Printmaker. The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, exhibits sixty pieces by master printmaker Konishi (Gosotei)

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by Godfrey Sykes

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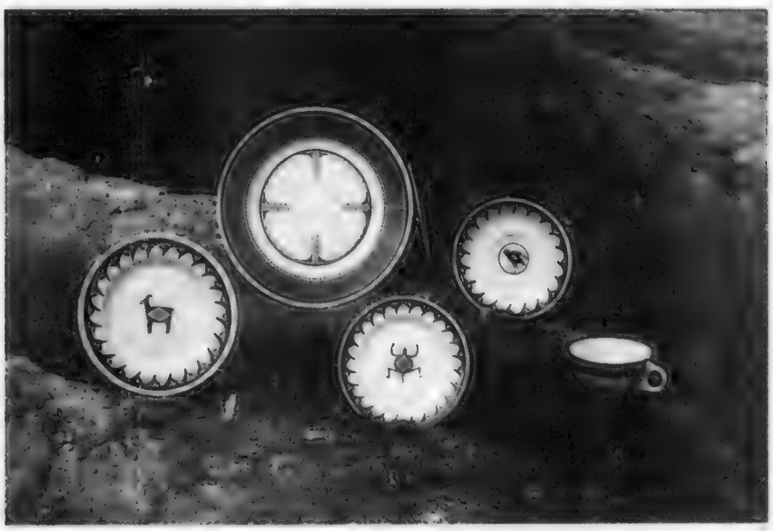

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Art Notes

Hirosada (1810–1864), an imaginative Osaka designer who printed several hundred portraits of Kabuki actors between 1848 and 1853. "Hirosada" will run from October 30 through December 30.

Edward Weston: Mexican Photographs 1923–1926. One hundred and thirty-three prints—all taken during the transitional period between Weston's popular pictorial photography and the clean, "straight" photography for which he is best known today—make up a major exhibition at the Amon Carter Museum, November 9 through January 6, 1985.

Baroque Splendors of Mexico opens a window on an unusual panorama of Mexican arts from the Colonial period (1521–1821). Paintings, silver pieces, wood and ivory sculpture, porcelain, glass, textiles, and furniture will be on view at the Denver Art Museum from December 1 through January 27, 1985.

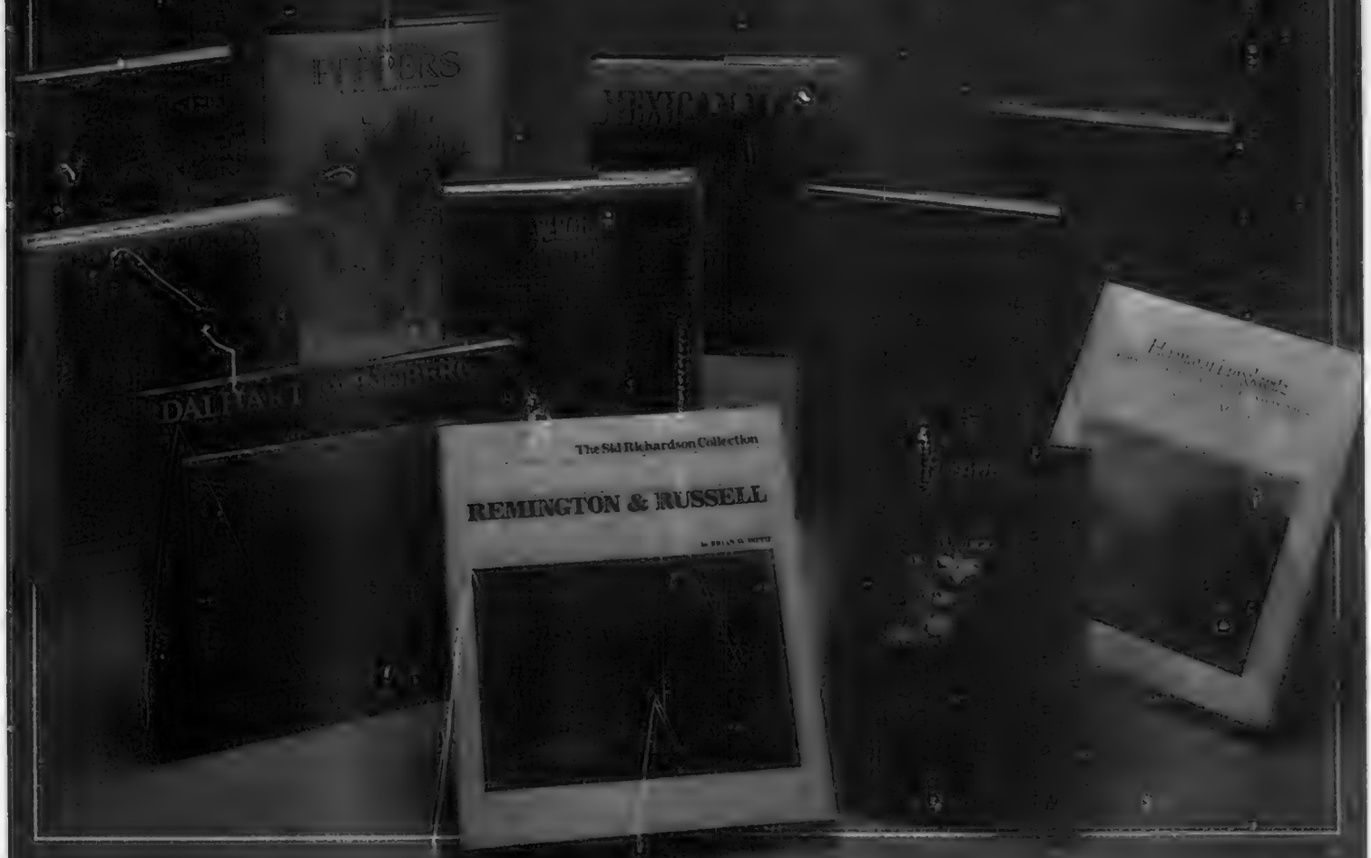
Frontiers of Trade, 1784–1984, a major historical exhibit celebrating Oregon's two-hundred-year role in world commerce, will continue through November 17 at the Oregon Historical Society in Portland.

The Tao House, once called home by playwright Eugene O'Neill, will soon be open to the public. Although the house and surrounding acres of regional wilderness in Danville, California, have been part of the National Park System since 1979, access to the Eugene O'Neill Historic Site has been restricted because neighbors did not welcome tourist traffic.

When the museum opens early in 1985, visitors will be driven in a van to the grounds where *The Iceman Cometh, Moon for the Misbegotten,* and *Long Day's Journey into Night* were written. The Eugene O'Neill Foundation of San Francisco hopes to make Tao House a center for theatre arts where conferences and seminars can take place.

"The West of the Imagination" is now under production by KERA, Dallas's public television station. A six-hour documentary underwritten by the Stark Foundation, this $2.5 million series will cover art, photography, and Western film from the first impressions of explorer-artists to modern Western film classics like *Stagecoach*. The series is expected to air on PBS in 1986, coinciding with the 150th anniversary of Texas's annexation by the United States.

Our best to you for the holidays.



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DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY ELIZABETH WOLF

The Landmark Inn Serves Alsatian Hospitality

by Sarah Biles

One of the first things a guest of the Landmark Inn notices is this quaint reminder in flowing script posted on a wall of his room: QUI TIENT A SA TRANQUILLETE SAIT RESPECTER CELLES D'AUTRES. ("He who values his own tranquility, knows to respect that of others.") Once you have digested this traditional motto from the inns of old Alsace, you can appreciate the hospitality that made the Landmark Inn of Castroville, Texas, what it is today—an escape from the technology and turmoil of modern life back into the slower pace and charm of days gone by. It's a good place to relax, crack a pecan or two, and let your imagination carry you away.

This blend of things Texan and European was created in 1844, when a group of Alsatian colonists put down new roots on the banks of the Medina River. Braving Indian attacks, drought, and disease, the settlers came to stay, building their houses in the peaked-roof style of the homes they had left behind. The Landmark Inn began as a one-story combination residence/dry goods store in this "little Alsace of Texas." In 1853 John Vance bought the property and began to rent rooms to travelers, among them Robert E. Lee and Texas Ranger Bigfoot Wallace. In the years that followed, various owners added to the Vance Hotel to suit their needs. The complex now consists of the original inn, a detached kitchen, a two-story bathhouse, and a stone gristmill.

Ruth Lawler, the inn's last private owner, operated it during World War II, naming it the Landmark Inn. She made sure it was a respectable place for servicemen's wives to stay. Miss Lawler donated the inn to the state in 1974, and the Texas Department of Parks and Wildlife then mounted a restoration campaign. In October 1981, the Landmark Inn opened once again to receive overnight guests, continuing a tradition that began over a century ago.

The best features of the buildings have been faithfully preserved, such as the great wooden beams that cross the ceilings and protrude through the twenty-two-inch-thick limestone walls. The inn's eight guest rooms are furnished to reflect the mood of its last heyday during the 1940s. Area rugs, linoleum, and chenille bedspreads combine with many antiques to wipe out all thoughts of computers and microwaves. Don't look for air conditioning, telephones, or television, as the Texas Parks Department has carefully retained the atmosphere. A telephone is available in the lobby if the thought of total isolation is too appalling. The rooms are centrally heated, and ceiling fans keep them surprisingly cool through sizzling Texas summers. Be prepared to share a bath, as not all rooms have private facilities.

A walk around the grounds won't drag you back into the twentieth century. The back yard is enclosed on three sides, giving it the feeling of a courtyard. A small fountain bubbles in the center of the lush lawn and perfectly kept flower beds. The old kitchen has been equipped to cater the parties and weddings that local residents love to hold in this setting. The bathhouse is nearby, an odd square structure that now holds two small guest rooms. The people of Castroville still tell the story about the melting down of the bathhouse's lead-lined cistern to make Confederate bullets during the Civil War.

Guests at the inn who explore the little town of Castroville can see that it cares about its past. The town square looks much as it did a hundred years ago, and many of the old settlers' homes have been preserved and marked with a pioneer "P."

Some pioneer homes are now restaurants, serving up a taste of the past along with the food. The Landmark Inn does not serve meals but does provide menus from local restaurants and directions across the river to the Alsatian bakery. The lobby of the inn serves as a visitor center, and day visitors are welcome. Overnight rates are very moderate. For more information, write to the Landmark Inn State Historic Site, P.O. Box 577, Castroville, Texas 78009, or call (512) 538-2133.

Sarah Biles *is a free-lance writer from Fort Worth, Texas.*

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Western Books in Brief

These books may be purchased from your local bookstore. AMERICAN WEST does not sell them.

The Wilder Shore *photographed by Morley Baer, text by David Rains Wallace (Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1984; 176 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $50.00).*
In this book, Baer's superlative color and black-and-white photographs of the California landscape capture the force of a magnificent land which shapes the thoughts of those who live in it. The accompanying text describes the land's influence as seen through the works of such California authors as John Steinbeck, Jack London, and Joan Didion. Thanks to its fine artistry, this book is the first addition in ten years to the Sierra Club Books' award-winning Exhibit Format Series.

Neptune's Apprentice: Adventures of a Commercial Fisherwoman *by Marie De Santis (Presidio Press, Novato, California, 1984; 219 pp., illus., $15.95).*
With a natural touch that conveys the flavor of life on the ocean along the California coast among her fellow fishermen, the author relates the story of her eight years as captain of a commercial fishing boat. De Santis experiences exhilaration and frustration as she learns to track fish, mend nets, and ride out fierce gales. This engrossing account depicts both the romance and the reality of making a living from the fickle sea.

Magnificence and Misery: A First-Hand Account of the 1897 Klondike Gold Rush *by E. Hazard Wells, ed. by Randall M. Dodd (Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York, 1984; 254 pp., appendix, illus., index, $17.95).*
Through letters and dispatches sent to the Cincinnati *Post*, newspaper correspondent Wells delivers on-the-spot impressions of the wild Alaskan frontier. Keeping a firm grip on his sense of humor and on his supplies, Wells travels the difficult trails leading to and from the Klondike, on which many gold-seekers met death in the rugged, lawless country.

Dust From an Alkali Flat: A Forest Ranger Remembers Central Nevada *by Basil K. Crane (University of Nevada Press, Reno, 1984; 156 pp., illus., paper $9.50).*
Crane wasn't your typical forest ranger. His delightful reminiscences include near-escapes from rattlesnakes, Indian cowboys, and a one-handed cattle thief. He worked for nine years on the Toiyabe range, in the days before four-wheel-drive vehicles, radio communications, and paved roads changed the face of the frontier.

Maps of Texas and the Southwest 1513–1900 *by James C. Martin and Robert Sidney Martin (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1984; 174 pp., index, illus., $50.00).*
Tales about the various Spaniards, Frenchmen, Germans, and Americans who explored Texas territory accompany these superbly reproduced maps, many in full color. The book also briefly explains how the early settlers made and printed these historic maps of the Southwest.

Leadville: A Miner's Epic *by Stephen M. Voynick (Mountain Press Publishing Company, Missoula, Montana, 1984; illus., glossary, index, paper $7.95).*
This tale goes down into the dark, grimy, and dangerous world of the hardrock miners, whose workday involved long toil and occasional loss of life. A veteran of the mine shafts himself, the author writes a revealing story of the men who worked the mines of Leadville and other areas.

The Day We Bombed Utah: America's Most Lethal Secret *by John G. Fuller (New American Library, New York, 1984; index, $16.50).*
Sheep in southwestern Utah and eastern Nevada died from radiation exposure, dropped deformed lambs, and children and adults developed leukemia and other illnesses. The effects of radiation released by a series of atomic bomb tests conducted in the area in the early 1950s are still felt today. The author examines the repercussions of the tests and the facts behind the United States Government's alleged attempts to cover them up.

The Last Best West: Women on the Alberta Frontier 1880–1930 *by Eliane Leslau Silverman (Eden Press, Montreal, 1984; 183 pp., illus., paper $14.95).*
This collective autobiography represents the memories of women who lived and worked on the developing Canadian frontier in Alberta Territory. The author intermixes direct quotations with her own comments, bringing a storytelling feel to the text.

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Wildlife Adventures with a Camera *by Peggy and Erwin Bauer (Harry N. Abrams, Inc., New York, 1984; 197 pp., illus., maps, index, $45.00).*
The diverse wildlife pictured in this volume varies from Rocky Mountain elk to Texas egrets to brightly colored Galapagos crabs. Accompanied by the Bauers' warm wit and instructive descriptions, the 220 full-color photographs reveal rare wildlife scenes of phenomenal beauty. The authors include facts about what camping and camera equipment to use along with colorful anecdotes relating their adventures in the wild.

Dallas Museum of Art: Selected Works *by Anne R. Bromberg (University of Texas Press, Austin, 1984; 219 pp., illus., cloth $24.50, paper $17.50).*
Finely crafted and concisely written, this handsome guide, with many full-color photographs, provides an overview of the treasures in Dallas's newly opened art museum. Examples of American Indian art and works by famous painters of the West are only a few of the pieces represented.

Walking Softly in the Wilderness: The Sierra Club Guide to Backpacking *by John Hart (Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, revised and updated 1984; 512 pp., illus., index, paper $8.95).*
Whether you are a seasoned camper with years of pathfinding under your belt or just a raw beginner, you will appreciate this handy manual with many essential tips on wilderness know-how. The guide tells how to select and prepare gear, as well as how to hike with young children, handle trouble on the trail, or camp in winter. At 4½ by 8 inches, it fits easily in your pack.

A Heaven in the Eye *by Clyde Rice (Breitenbush Books, Portland, Oregon, 1984; 360 pp., $17.95).*
Warm, humorous, touching, Rice's autobiography enthralls the reader with tales of his experiences in Oregon and San Francisco from 1918 to 1934. Rice earned the Western States 1984 Book Award for this account of intriguing and often hilarious struggles and adventures as a young fledgling artist, deckhand on the San Francisco Bay ferries, and goat rancher, to name a few of his jobs.

The Nations Within: The Past and Future of American Indian Sovereignty *by Vine Deloria, Jr. and Clifford M. Lytle (Pantheon Books, New York, 1984; 285 pp., biblio., notes, paper $10.95).*
The authors trace the history of political relations between American Indians and the United States Government, outlining the lack of attention given to Indian needs and traditions. They address current Indian issues, such as cultural renewal and economic stability, and discuss the future of tribal self-government in this well-researched, thought-provoking book.

Living the Sky: The Cosmos of the American Indian *by Ray A. Williamson (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1984; 366 pp., notes, illus., index, $19.95).*
American Indians incorporated many astronomical details into their religion, mythology, art, and architecture. For example, the Navajos drew the Milky Way in their dry paintings of the god Father Sky. Absorbing and entertaining, Williamson's book reveals many of the ingenious techniques and traditions of ancient Indian astronomy.

McClane's Great Fishing and Hunting Lodges of North America *by Terry Berger and Roberta Gardner, ed. and intro. by A. J. McClane (Holt, Rinehart, & Winston, New York, 1984; 176 pp., illus., $29.95).*
For the sports enthusiast who enjoys hunting and fishing in the most natural surroundings possible, this volume describes twenty of North America's most scenic lodges in wilderness areas such as Bristol Bay, Alaska,

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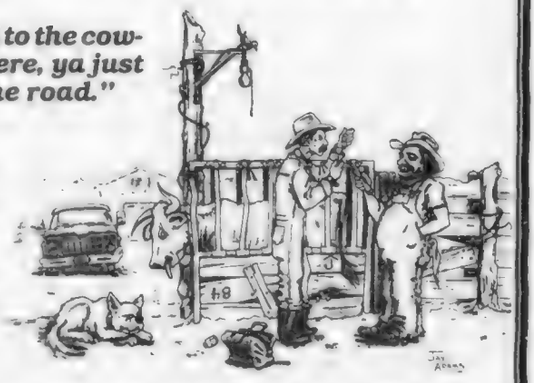

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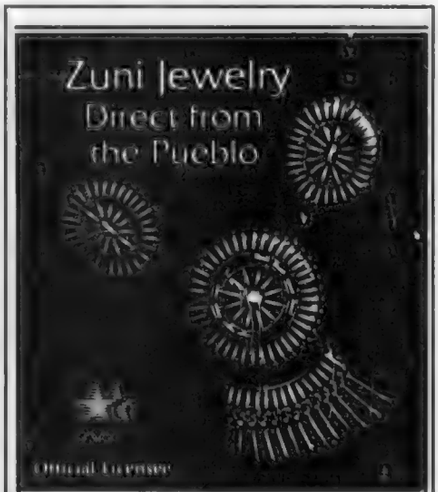

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This enclyclopaedic study, part one of a two-part work, traces the development and uses of firearms on the frontier between 1803 and 1865. The authors thoroughly cover the refinements and adaptations of weapons for use by three main groups, the military, civilians (including trappers and explorers), and Indians. Varieties of weapons discussed include rifles, smoothbores, carbines and musketoons, and pistols. With many rare photographs and illustrations this monumental work is a must for gun collectors and buffs. 402 pages, 280 halftones Cloth: $35.00

The Explorers: Nineteenth-Century Expeditions in Africa and the American West
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Here is a dramatic account of British and American exploration of these two areas, both of the expeditions themselves and of the adventurers whose travels fired the public's imagination and led to a competition for territory that significantly influenced domestic politics, diplomacy, and cultural affairs in both nations. Van Orman's comparative, analytical approach to the activities of figures such as David Livingstone, Lewis and Clark, John Charles Fremont, and others will appeal to those who enjoy reading about the explorations themselves as well as to those interested in the historical context of those events, and their consequences.
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and Idleyld Park, Oregon. Whether rustic or luxurious, each lodge combines an attractive setting with good game opportunities. Many full-color, quality photographs illustrate the charm of these great escapes.

The Audubon Society Handbook for Butterfly Watchers *by Robert Michael Pyle (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1984; 274 pp., illus., index, appendix, $17.95).*
Small in size, butterflies often escape a nature lover's notice. To help the uninitiated discover these glamorous insects, Pyle offers information on how to watch, rear, and photograph butterflies, emphasizing collection with a camera rather than a pin. Knowledgeably written and exquisitely illustrated, this handbook opens the door to a world of delicate, entrancing beauty.

Ozark Baptizings, Hangings, & Other Diversions: Theatrical Folkways of Rural Missouri 1885–1910 *by Robert K. Gilmore (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1984; 296 pp., illus., notes, appendix, biblio., $14.95).*
Relatively isolated, turn-of-the-century communities in the Ozark Mountains had to dream up their own entertainment. These independent-minded people staged picnics, "literaries," and mock-trials for family fun. Personal interviews and old photographs revive the past of this remote area of the "show me" state.

William de la Montagne Cary: Artist on the Missouri River *by Mildred D. Ladner (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1984; 264 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $39.95).*
In the spring of 1861, artist Cary set out to explore the West on one of the Missouri River's first steamboats. One of the last artists to capture the image of Indian and Great Plains life before the coming of transcontinental trains, Cary had many lively adventures while practicing his craft. His paintings, sketches, and exploits make an engaging picture of frontier life.

Country Inns of the Far West: Pacific Northwest *by Rachel Bard (101 Productions, San Francisco, 1984; 208 pp., index, illus., paper $7.95).*
This new edition presents eighty-eight of the Pacific Northwest's most charming, one-of-a-kind inns for travelers searching for tranquility. Guests can savor home-cooked meals or haute cuisine, roam the countryside, or relax in the cozy parlors of stately Victorian mansions or rustic fishing lodges. Details on history, accommodations, and sight-seeing are all given in this sprightly guide.

Son of the Morning Star: Custer and the Little Bighorn *by Evan S. Connell (North Point Press, Berkeley, 1984; 448 pp., biblio., $20.00).*
In a close look at the people involved with the Little Bighorn battle, Connell presents history in human terms. He explains the causes of the Plains Indian War, detailing the personalities of Custer and influential Indians.

Gunfighters, Highwaymen, & Vigilantes: Violence on the Frontier *by Roger D. McGrath (University of California Press, Berkeley, 1984; 292 pp., biblio., index, illus., $16.95).*
Amusing tales of conflict debunk some of the popularly believed fallacies about the frontier and support some of the myths. Life was violent and lawless in the Sierra mining towns of Aurora, Nevada, and Bodie, California, but lacked the vicious crimes of today. Colorful characters come alive again in this exciting look at the Old West.

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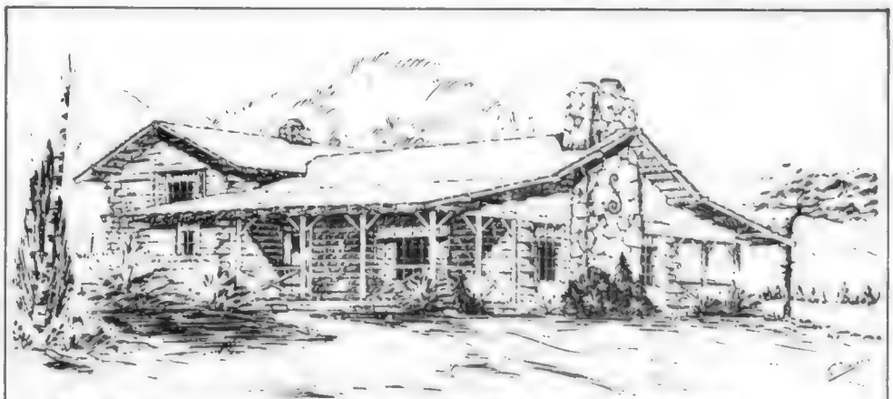

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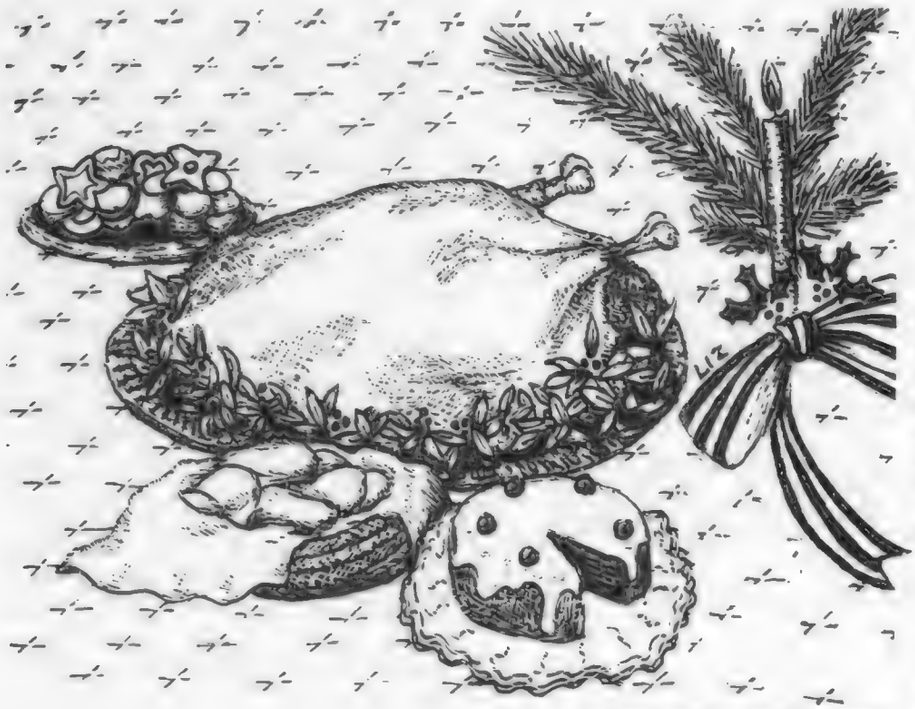

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY ELIZABETH TANG HERRICK

A Frontier Holiday Dinner

by Barbara Blackburn

Holidays were few on the frontier, and on those rare occasions when neighbors came from miles around, the feasts often featured goose, a tradition brought from Europe. The accompaniments were both plain and fancy from corn pone to oyster cocktail. Rarely seen on the frontier, oysters occasionally arrived frozen or packed in ice to add a grand touch to a special dinner. A meal that began with a rich eggnog toast and then a first course of oysters was a memorable one.

The goose was suited to overnight roasting on the hearth, as the fatty underskin acted as a self-basting agent. Mashed potatoes often stuffed the goose in place of dressing. But many folks preferred sage cornbread stuffing with mashed potatoes on the side.

Christmas dinner preparations began at dawn of the preceding day. The ladies of the household spent all day baking, boiling, and stewing. Water and flour were added to the bread sponge and the mixture set to rise for salt-rising bread, a fine-grained bread with a cheesy flavor. Ethnic influences flavored the Christmas baking—for example, in the menu of Laura Ingalls Wilder. From their Scandinavian background, the Ingalls learned to love Swedish crackers, which were always on their Christmas table.

The parsnip was a popular vegetable a century ago. Pioneer cooks often fried this delicately flavored but durable root vegetable with a nutty flavor. Corn played a part in both everyday and holiday fare. Cornmeal went into corn dodgers, those common cakes descended from the Indians' *appone* or corn pone. The small cakes were baked directly in the fireplace embers, with or without a wrapping of wet corn husks.

The dessert table held pies and cakes similar to those of today, except that the cook started from scratch. At Thanksgiving time an ambitious frontierswoman baked fruit cakes to be packed away to ripen until Christmas. Along with the fruitcake on Christmas morning, the family might enjoy cookies made with 1 egg, 1 c. clear syrup, 1 tsp. baking powder, 1 pinch soda, flavoring, and enough flour to make the dough thick enough to cut. Mothers and daughters cut the cookies in various holiday shapes and after baking, iced and decorated them with whatever was at hand.

For snacking on the holiday, the frontier family enjoyed the crack and crunch of parched corn, with its sweet and brown taste. For your modern, old-fashioned holiday, you should be warned about parched corn—it may be habit forming. And so may be the other vanishing vittles from holidays past.

Sage Cornbread Stuffing

Make a broth by boiling in advance the goose neck with the liver, heart, and gizzard. Crumble enough corn bread to make 8 c. Cook 2 c. chopped onion in ¼ c. butter until the onion starts to wilt and brown slightly. Mix into the bread: the wilted onions, 1 egg, 1 tbl. powdered sage (or a handful of crumbled, dried sage leaves), and enough broth to moisten the stuffing. Use this stuffing to fill the cavities of the goose.

Garland Goose

Prepare 1 young goose, about 10 lbs., the same as you do turkey. Prick the fatty skin of the goose. Fill the cavities with dressing or mashed potatoes. (Use our sage cornbread stuffing recipe.) Skewer and lace the goose. Rub herbs such as parsley, sage, rosemary, thyme, marjoram, and garlic over the goose. Preheat the oven to 450 degrees. Place the goose on a rack in an uncovered pan and put in the oven. Reduce the heat to 350 degrees immediately. Allow about 25 minutes per pound. One-half hour before the time is up, turn the goose over to insure a crisp skin. Remove the fowl to a platter, and decorate with a cranberry garland. In pioneer days, plum sauce was a favorite condiment with goose.

Parched Corn

For 1 c. parched corn you will need 1 ear of dried field corn or 1 c. dried sweet corn. If you are using field corn, shell it, and remove the chaff by tossing handfuls back and forth. Heat 2 tbls. butter in a skillet over high heat. Cover the bottom of the pan with kernels of corn. Reduce heat slightly and stir constantly as the kernels brown, puff up, and crackle. Cook 3 to 5 minutes. Remove the pan from the heat, season corn to taste, and serve.

Barbara Blackburn *is the author of an Old West Cookbook to be published by Evans Publications, Oklahoma, at the end of 1984. She teaches cooking in her hometown of Williamsville, New York.*

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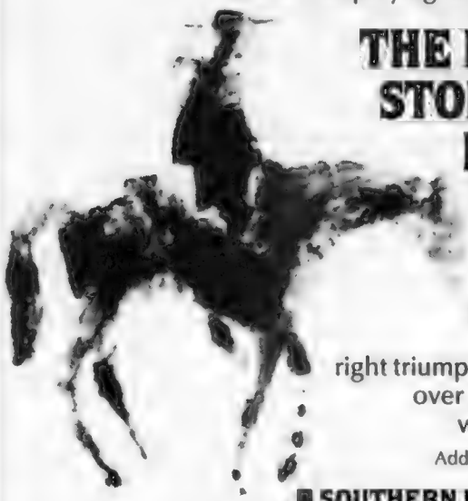

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His idea paid off. This mechanical marvel awed the imbibing customers, whether deep in their cups or not. Eleven feet tall and twenty feet wide, the Popper Felix was powered by electricity. Paper tunesheets turned automatically over a roller, beating out the sounds of piano, xylophone, piccolo, violin, kettle drum, triangle, and Chinese cymbals.

While merrymakers were engulfed by waves of mechanical music, they were treated to an unusual light-show. Multicolored electric lamps decorated the front of the machine, and bright electric stars rotated in the rosebud near the top. The focus of the display was the smiling, buxom young lady pictured in the middle panel of Popper Felix. With the lighting of her various arm positions, she appeared to throw roses to the enthusiastic onlookers.

Unfortunately for Mr. Schreiber, the mines nearby soon played out, and Nevada City lost most of its population by 1920. With few saloon customers left, Schreiber's business fell off, and he stored the mechanical organ in a garage.

But this tale has a happy ending. About sixty years later, in 1981, the Popper Felix was discovered and acquired by a collector of antique mechanical music machines. He hired experts to restore the marvel to its original condition, and today it sits in his Ypsilanti, Michigan, home, sounding out tuneful memories of one of California's historic mining towns.

The photograph and story of Popper Felix were contributed by Arthur G. Sharp of Rocky Hill, Connecticut.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose suggestion is accepted for publication in Western Lore. We seek information (with relevant pictures, if possible) about unusual artifacts, unusual and little-known happenings, unusual and little-known people, as well as little-known facts about well-known people—all in Western history. What do you have? Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack pictures carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for their return. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Lore, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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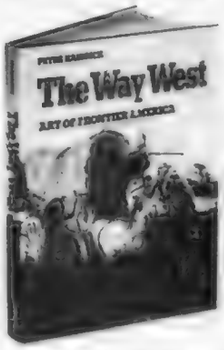

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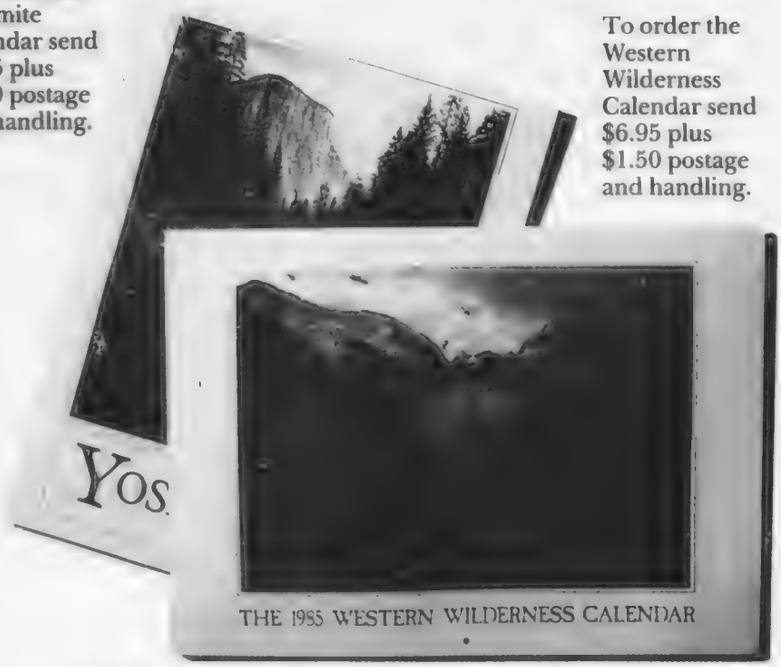

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Letters *(Continued from page 56)*

imaginary resemblance to the prow of a steamboat.

William H. Byrnes
Portland, Oregon

Stargazing

"Summer Stargazing" by O. Richard Norton is a most interesting article, July/August 1984. I find it most helpful in renewing a hobby I was involved in as a young man and shall look forward to future issues for "Stargazing" and your other fine articles.

Harry W. Matlock
Oakhurst, California

Angel Island

When I read the article in your magazine, "The Secret Hell of Angel Island" by Frances D'Emilio [May/June 1984], I wondered why there is no rebuttal by our United States Government. Does our government never tell its side of the story?

I'm so tired of stories deriding our government. Can't you print the other side of the cases?

M. G. Baker
Castro Valley, California

Trophy Hunting and Bears

I was astonished to read the following in Erwin and Peggy Bauer's otherwise excellent article on camera hunting ("Trophy Hunting," AW, Sept./Oct. 1984): "Yellowstone (Wyoming) is anyone's best bet for elk, moose, and bighorn sheep, but do not expect to find bears there anymore." Believe me, the bears are alive and well. This summer, grizzlies in Yellowstone have caused one death and several maulings. Items about bears have appeared almost weekly in the local press, and the Wyoming congressional delegation has called for a reappraisal of grizzly management policy in Yellowstone. Of course, there are black bears too. Here in Jackson Hole, we have a simple test for telling if a bear is a grizzly or black bear: When you see a bear, climb a tree. If the bear climbs up after you, it's a black bear. If it knocks the tree down, it's a grizzly.

John B. Cooke
Teton Village, Wyoming

Kudos

My compliments on your article in View from the West in the July/August issue of AMERICAN WEST. It brought back a lot of memories. My father was employed by an oil company and we grew up with the smells of

refineries and oil. A number of relatives also were involved and always seemed to be taking off to places with strange names that excited my childish imagination.

I very much appreciate the way in which you portrayed the men who were involved in the hard work that built our country and our state. I can generate little sympathy for those who are quite willing to enjoy the benefits of the labors of these men and yet do everything in their power to inhibit or destroy the very free enterprise system on which our country is built.

Fern Hardin
Mesquite, Texas

I enjoyed your article and picture of the Penawawa Ferry [Western Snapshots Yesterday, July/Aug. 1984]. Penawawa was my home for the first twenty-five years of my life. The ferry was run by Ed Swift. He lived to be ninety-six years old.

The end of the ferry came when three teenagers with a stolen car tried to cross after dark. They did not angle the ferry upstream, and midway in the river the main cable broke. The Sheriff got them next morning downstream a ways. They never got the ferry back in operation. That was in 1920.

Don E. Lee
Yakima, Washington

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Some editing of letters may be necessary in order to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, 3033 N. Campbell Ave., Tucson, Ariz. 85719.

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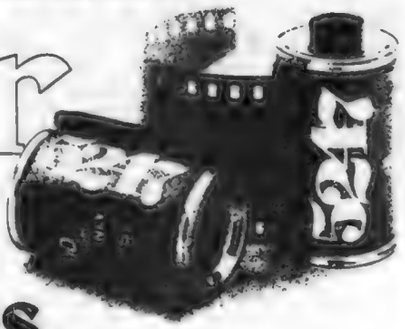

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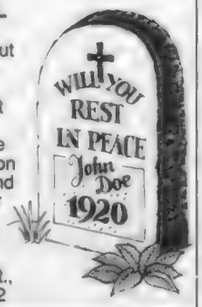

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Western Snapshots Today

Cowboys duck the fury of a bucking bronc at a cowpunchers' reunion and rodeo in Williams, Arizona, as onlookers peer intently through bars of fencing. Raging horses rendered by the world's greatest artists have seldom evoked the excitement and drama in this photograph.

Pride in winning and the thrill in pitting man against beast are strong emotions at Western rodeos. Although the cowboys in this wild west competition may not belong to any professional rodeo cowboys' association, they are certainly not amateurs. These caballeros rope and ride daily on the ranchlands of north-central Arizona to get their jobs done. In fact, rodeo "is the only major sport to emerge from an industry, the range-cattle industry." The enormous appeal of the rodeo's athletic challenge to contestants and animals alike draws spectators to the arena year after year.

At this cowpunchers' rodeo in Williams, the approach to saddle bronc riding is unusual. The broncs are saddled in the chute and then led out by "snubbers," who hold the horse while the rider figures out the best way to mount without getting killed—the way it is still done on some ranches. Once the rider is in the saddle, the snubbers turn the horse loose, and the rocky ride is timed.

This bronc reared hard and high, falling backwards to the ground. Luckily, he hurt neither himself nor the "twister" (his rider), who had not yet mounted. The rider, who is in the foreground of the photo, stepped briskly out of the way while the snubbers regained control. Subsequently, the rider took a deep breath, a deep seat, pulled down his hat, and rode the horse to the whistle.

This breathtaking Western Snapshot Today was contributed by Louise A. Serpa, a professional photographer who says, "Rodeo, spelled with a large or a small 'R' has been part of my life since 1943." For a shot like this she uses a Nikon FM-2 with an 85mm lens and Tri-X film, shooting at f5.6 for 1/1000 of a second.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any photographer, amateur or professional, whose Western Snapshot Today is selected for publication on this page. Pictures portraying today's West —the land and its people—in black-and-white or color, will be accepted for consideration. Please specify the type of camera, lens, film, paper, and techniques as well as light conditions used to obtain your photograph. Prints will be handled with care and returned promptly after use. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Today, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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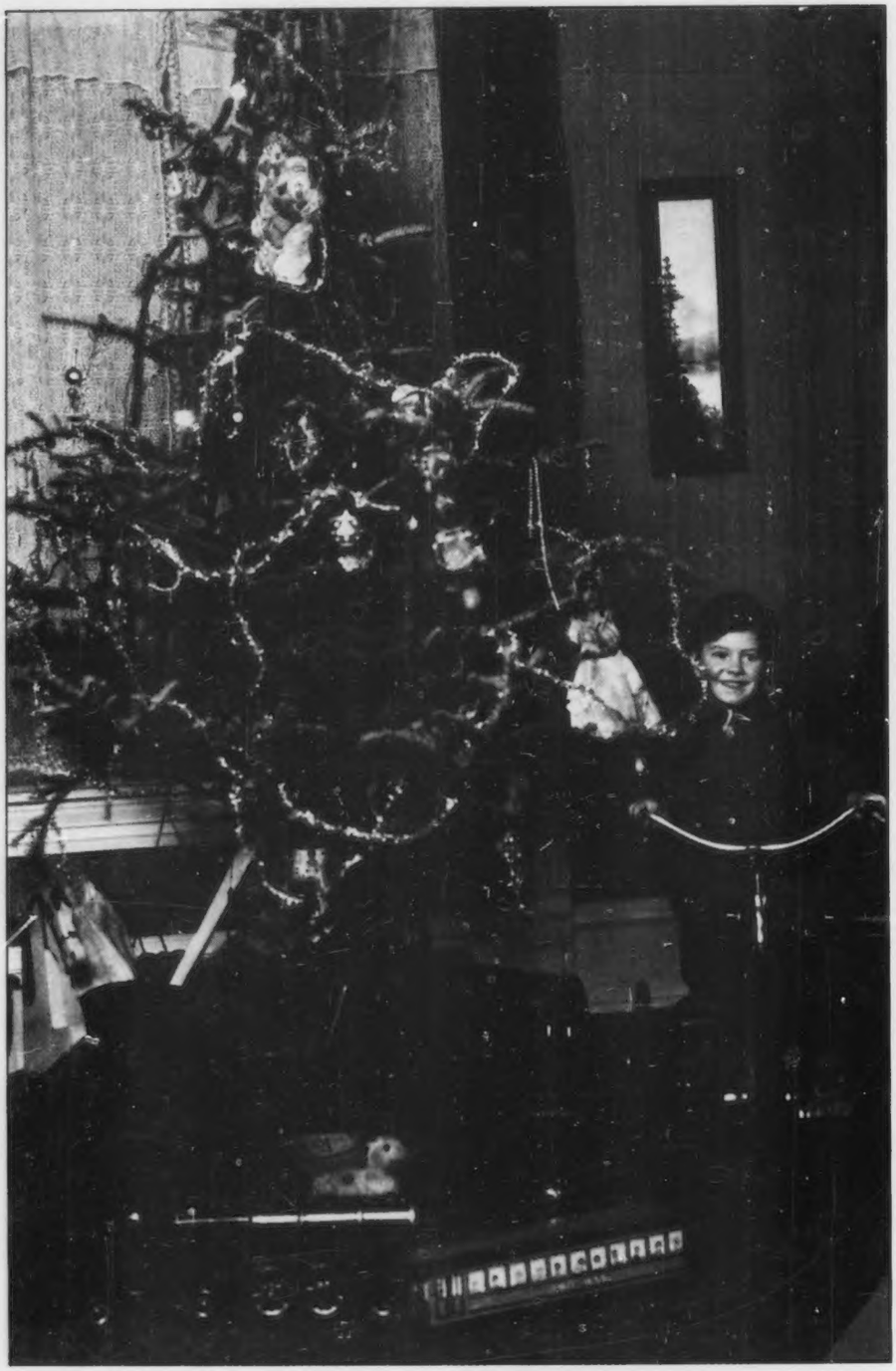
Western Snapshots Yesterday



The joy of a small child on Christmas Day has changed little since the turn of the century. In his parents' comfortable Victorian home this five-year-old beams widely for a Christmas portrait as he tests the pedals of his sleek and shiny new tricycle. Although styles have changed, the toys under Freddie Leaver's tree would still look familiar to children today. Wheels seem to have held an appeal just as strong when this photo was taken in 1919 as they do now—whether they were attached to tricycles, trains, or stylishly trimmed toy autos. Neither have teddy bears or rocking horses lost popularity. Even the branches of the tree display the same fancy balls and spangles that we hang on our modern Christmas trees. On the Leavers' tree, only the Victorian paper doll reminds us of the time and place of this particular Christmas Day, one of many in a tradition that links us to our past.

When this picture was taken, Freddie Leaver lived at 222 Main Street in the silver-mining town of Aspen, Colorado, where his father ran a prosperous assaying business and his mother taught school.

Dorothy Hunt of Cottonwood, Arizona, sent us this nostalgic snapshot. Her mother was a good friend of the Leaver family. Charles Reuter, Ms. Hunt's grandfather, went to Aspen as a young man and in the late 1880s helped establish the electric company that provided power for the Leavers' Christmas tree lights.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western Snapshot Yesterday is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs that tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Yesterday, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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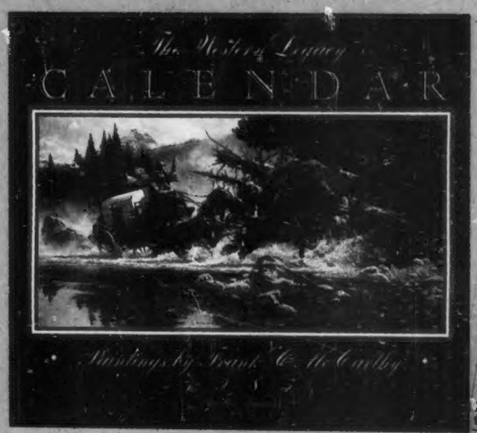

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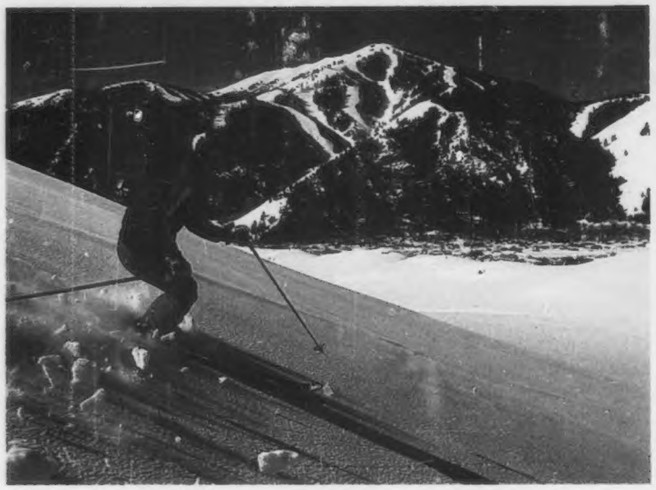

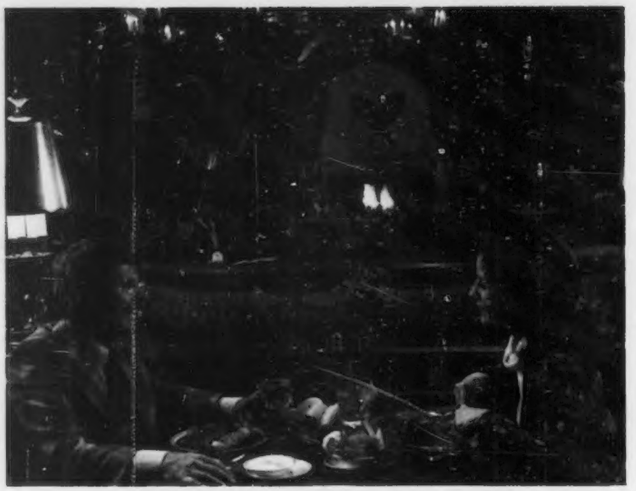

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